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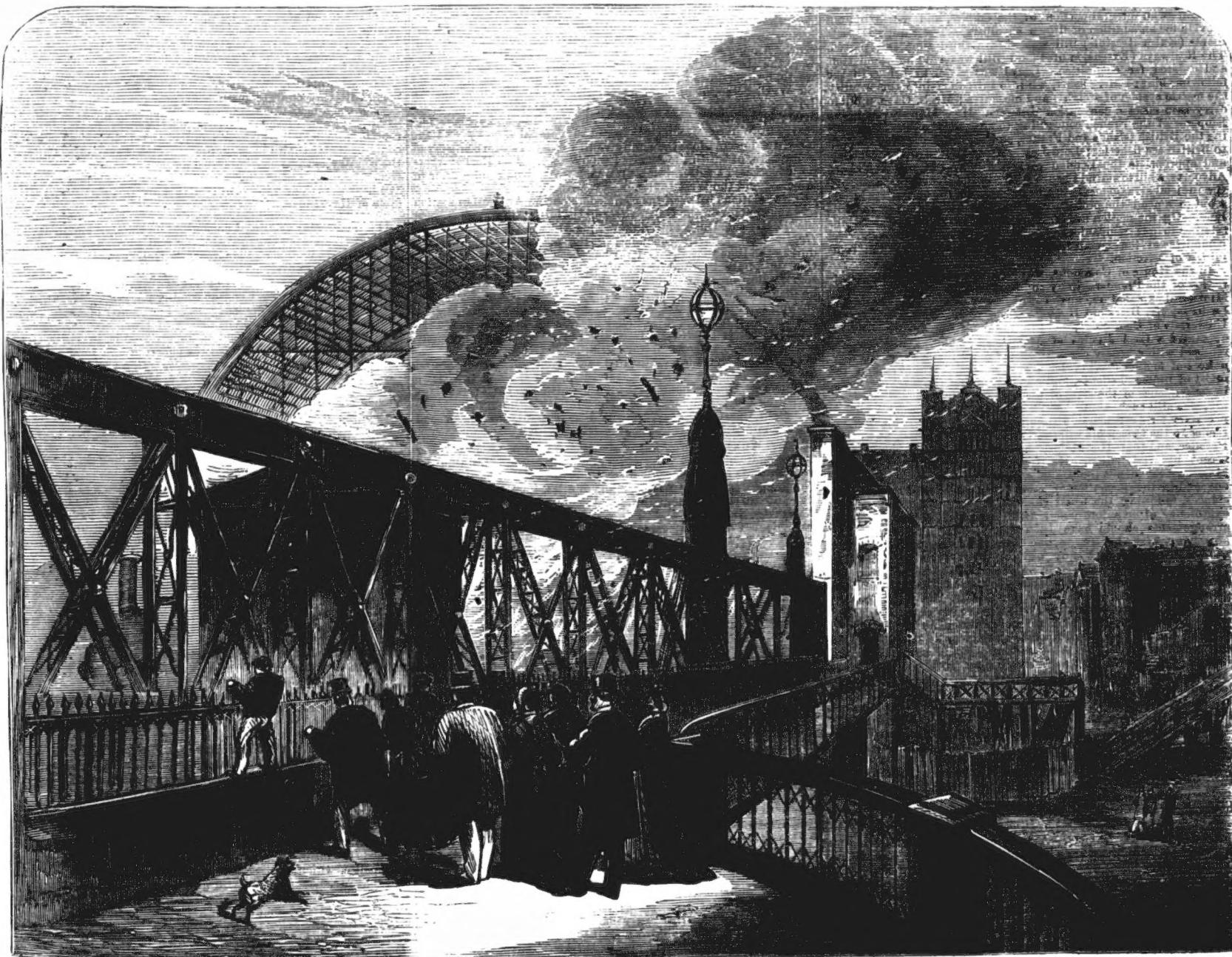
[ONE PENNY.]

THE GREAT FIRE AT CHARING CROSS.

We this week give an illustration at the fire of the Charing-cross Terminus, to which we briefly alluded in our last issue. From information given us at the station it appears that shortly before two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the fire broke out at the custom-house department of the Charing-cross railway station, and resulted in damage to a very serious extent. The flames were first noticed in the small office at the end of the waiting-room of the clearing-house, which is a large building some 300 feet long and fifty feet broad at the east side of the station. The fire developed itself with astonishing rapidity. The flames ran along the floor of the waiting-room and the adjoining rooms, setting the goods from the continent, which were awaiting examination, in a blaze. The room was soon ignited, and the whole of the inside of the station which is contiguous to the clearing-house became filled with dense smoke and excessively hot. The railway company's engine was got into play in the course of a very short interval, but it had not the slightest effect whatever in stopping the progress of the fire. The engines of the Metropolitan fire brigade, including some of the principal

land steamers, were brought up from the various City and West-end stations at the gallop. As they dashed along the streets the excitement in the Strand and about Charing-cross became very great. Large crowds ran to the station, and there being hardly any force of police on the spot, they got inside, though at considerable risk. The police subsequently arrived in bodies, and restored order. The firemen worked hard, but it was long before any impression was made upon the fire. By half-past three, however, it was so far subdued that all chances of its further extension seemed at an end. The fire made its way to the platform, a considerable portion of which it consumed, doing also great damage to the roof of the station by excessive heat. The destruction of goods in the stores of the company, of custom-house stores, and of passengers' luggage was very considerable. The hotel, facing the roadway, was safe from the first, although for a time considerable alarm prevailed among its occupants, and a great number of cabs were secured to remove persons and property. The fire was, however, entirely confined to the other end of the long platform, or series of platforms, and while a body of firemen attacked it from above, by bringing their hose through the station and on to the several platforms, another strong

body of the brigade were attacking the flames on the other side, and availing themselves of the proximity of the river to cast immense quantities of water on the fire. Glass fell in showers from time to time, and several persons were more or less seriously injured. Two firemen, John Shepherd, of Chandos-street station, and James George Sergeant, of George-yard fire station, were struck by pieces of glass of considerable size, and had to be taken to the Charing-cross hospital. The roof was completely riddled by the action of the fire. There was scarcely a portion of it where sheets of glass had not been broken, and towards the river hardly a pane of glass remained. As regards the outbreak of the fire, it appears, that two or three custom officers had been on duty in the custom-house during the morning, and it is asserted that for some time they had experienced a strong smell of something burning. Suddenly one of the officers noticed black smoke hovering over one of the packages, as if it came in the first instance from the floor underneath. He at once gave the necessary alarm to his fellow-officers, and they commenced removing as many articles as they could lay their hands upon. The flames quickly rolled up in a huge body, and then collapsed and ignited the passengers' waiting-rooms.



THE FIRE AT CHARING CROSS STATION, AS SEEN FROM THE BRIDGE

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

A BILL was laid on the table by Lord St. Leonards to provide that the Lords Justices should sit together, and not separately, on appeal motions.—The Marquis of Clanricarde directed attention to the question of land tenure in Ireland, and having referred to the various schemes proposed on the subject, said the only hope of improving the land of Ireland was in the introduction of capital, which could alone be profitably employed by farming on a large scale. The measure, therefore, which he would recommend, was to secure to the tenant a fair remuneration for his improvements, and deal fairly with the rights and interests of both landlords and occupiers. By adopting such a course they would establish a state of prosperity, and avoid laying the foundations of future distress and chronic agitation.—Lord St. Leonards saw no necessity for fresh legislation unless it could be shown that the Act of 1860, which appeared to be a most fair and business-like measure, had failed. If, after inquiry, it was found that that was the case, then they might apply a remedy.—After some observations from the Earl of Kimberley; the Earl of Malmesbury, as the mouthpiece of the Government, said they did not oppose the introduction of the bill of the noble marquis, but he recommended its promoter to refer it again to the same committee which sat last year. With regard to the general policy of Ministers, that would be fully explained in the course of the debate in the House of Commons by his noble friend the Secretary for Ireland.—Lord Clanricarde then laid his bill on the table and it was read a first time.—The Earl of Malmesbury having moved the second reading of the Habeas Corpus Suspension (Ireland) Act Continuance Bill, a debate arose in which Earl Russell, the Earl of Hardwicke, Earl Grey, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ellenborough, and the Marquis of Westmeath, took part.—The bill was then read a second time.

On Tuesday the Earl of Malmesbury repeated the formal announcement made by Lord Stanley in the Commons at an earlier hour, that the state of Lord Derby's health had necessitated his resignation of the Premiership; that Mr. Disraeli had received the commands of the Queen to form a Ministry, and that the right hon. gentleman was now occupied in the task. The noble earl then moved the adjournment of the House until Thursday, at two o'clock, for the third reading of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus (Ireland) Act Continuance Bill, and intimated that he should then ask their lordships to assemble again on Friday to hear the Royal assent given to that bill, but at neither sitting would any other business be done.—Earl Russell had heard with regret the announcement just made, but expressed an earnest hope that, although the state of Lord Derby's health might forbid his undertaking the active duties and responsibilities of office, their lordships would soon see him again amongst them, contributing to their debates and giving the House and the country the benefit of his great experience and undoubted talent.—The Habeas Corpus Suspension (Ireland) Bill was passed through committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. MELLY took the oath and his seat for Stoke-upon-Trent, in the room of Mr. Beresford Hope, signed.—Mr. McLaren gave notice that on going into committee on the Scotch Reform Bill, he should move a resolution to the effect that no arrangement would be satisfactory to that country which did not recognise its position as an integral portion of the empire, and which did not provide for an addition of fifteen members.—The Public Departments (Extra Receipts) Bill was read a third time and passed. The Railways (Extension of Time) Bill was read a second time and ordered for committee. Leave was given to bring in the following bills:—Mr. Ewart, a bill to introduce into this country the metric system of weights and measures; Mr. S. Cave, a bill to carry into effect a convention between Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French concerning the fisheries in the seas adjoining the British islands and France, and to amend the laws relating to British sea fisheries; Lord J. Manners, bill to further continue and appropriate the London coal and wine duties. The Lord Advocate, a bill to amend the procedure in the Court of Session, and the judicial arrangements in the superior courts of Scotland; and a bill to amend the procedure in the Court of Judiciary in Scotland.—On the motion of Mr. Ayrton, it was resolved that all bills relating to gas companies in the metropolis be referred to a select committee of ten members, five to be nominated by the committee of selection.

In the House of Commons, which in consequence of the resignation of the Premiership by the Earl of Derby, and an expected Ministerial explanation, was crowded even at the hour of private business, Mr. Beresford Hope took the oath and his seat for the University of Cambridge, in the room, of Sir Jasper Selwyn, appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal. The hon. gentlemen was received with a hearty cheer as he advanced to the table. Several notices of motion having been given, Lord Stanley rose in the midst of profound silence, and announced that the Earl of Derby, in consequence of the state of his health, which, though improving, was still such as to render absolute repose from business necessary for a considerable time to come, had felt it his duty to tender to the Queen his resignation of the office which he held as Premier, and that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept his resignation. He further announced that by Her Majesty's command the Chancellor of the Exchequer was then engaged in the formation of a Ministry. Under these circumstances, following the usual custom, he ventured to suggest the expediency of an adjournment until such time as the necessary arrangements should have been completed. The noble lord also expressed his regret, and that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that any obstacle should be interposed to delay the debate on the state of Ireland, which had been set down for that evening. He then moved that the House at its rising should adjourn till Friday next.—Mr. Gladstone said the proposal to adjourn was dictated by the propriety of the case. But with reference to the special cause which the noble lord had by a singular destiny been called upon to announce, he could not help expressing for himself, that he was sure would be the universal sentiment, his regret that a career so long, so active, and in so many respects so distinguished and remarkable as that of the noble lord's father, should have been brought to a close by the failure of his bodily health and strength.—Mr. Maguire, upon whose motion the debate alluded to was to have been raised, concurred in the proposed adjournment; but added the expression of a hope that the Government would afford him facilities for bringing forward his motion at the earliest opportunity.—Lord Stanley assured the hon. member of the sincere desire of the Government that the great subject to which he referred should be fully and fairly discussed.—The motion for the adjournment having been agreed to, the house rose.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—A case has just come before the Supreme Court of the United States which will have some bearing upon Mr. Seward's charge against England for recognising the South as a belligerent. The owners of the ship Golden Rocket, the first vessel destroyed by the Alabama, sued certain insurance companies in New York, on the plea that Semmes was a pirate. The case was heard in the United States district court, in the state of Maine, where the owners resided, and that Court decided that Semmes was the agent of a Government recognised by the United States as a belligerent. The owners appealed to the Supreme Court, whose decision will not only decide many similar cases, but also a principle of international importance.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

MR. JOHN HARDING SHEPPARD, of Swindon, who had filled the office of treasurer to the Provincial Wiltshire Grand Lodge of Freemasons for thirty-seven years has just died at the age of 90.

The death of Major Chambers, of Cheltenham, is announced, at the advanced age of 72. The deceased in his youth served with his regiment, the 6th Dragoons, in India.

It is announced that Mr. James Hannan, of the Home Circuit, has been recommended to Her Majesty to fill the vacancy in the Court of Queen's Bench occasioned by the death of Mr. Justice Shee.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has subscribed £5210s. to the fund which is being raised in Norwich in connection with the approaching meeting in that city of the British Association for the advancement of Science. The meeting will commence August 19.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, M.P., has grievously vexed the Lambeth shopkeepers by his strenuous advocacy of co-operation; and we learn from the most trustworthy sources that a combination is about to be entered into to prevent his re-election. Mr. Hughes's Sunday Trading Bill is also affording much food for grumbling to many of the electors and (at present) non-electors.

The following gentlemen have taken their seats within the Chancery bar on their appointment as Her Majesty's counsels:—Mr. Sergeant Simon, Messrs. Wyllie Mackeson, Shee, John Clerk, John A. Russell, E. Vaughan Richards, Kenealy, Higgins, West, Matthews, Staveley Hill, Horace Lloyd, Fitzjames Stephen, Holker, Swanston, and Robert Stuart.

It was not without reason that M. Louis Blanc wrote to Alderman Sir R. W. Carden, complaining of the alderman taking his name in vain in a smuggling case. The *Précureur d'Anvers* tells its readers that "Louis Blanc, French political refugee, has been condemned in London to a fine of thirty shillings, or, in default, fourteen days' imprisonment, for the offence of smuggling tobacco, and M. Louis Blanc has been obliged to write a letter of explanation to the *Indépendance Belge*.

We (*Manchester Courier*) regret to announce the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Rushton, D.D., vicar of Blackburn, senior honorary Canon of Manchester, and rural dean, which occurred on Friday afternoon at the vicarage. The deceased was in his 70th year, and few clergymen in the country were better or more deservedly known. The living, which Dr. Rushton has held since 1854, is in the gift of the Bishop of Manchester, and is worth about £1,500 per annum.

For some time past there has been a strong feeling amongst the Liberal electors of Stroud against the Right Hon. E. Horsemann in regard to the votes given by him on the Reform Bill, and Mr. S. S. Dickinson, a local magistrate, is looked upon as his opponent at the next general election. With a view of testing the feeling of the Liberal electors he called a meeting of them in the subscription rooms on Thursday evening. There were at least 800 persons present, and the proceedings lasted till a late hour. The almost unanimous feeling was in favour of Mr. Dickinson's candidature. He is a barrister, who, after having acquired a fortune in India, returned to this country, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman.

On Wednesday the remains of the Hon. James H. Gordon were interred in the family vault in the churchyard of Methilie. The body had been conveyed from Cambridge to Haddo House, and from thence the funeral procession started. The tenantry, numbering about 600, and the Tarves and Methilie volunteers were present. Among the relatives and friends who attended as mourners were the Hon. J. C. Gordon, brother of the deceased; Lord Polwarth, brother-in-law; Admiral Baillie, Major Gordon, Elton; Sir W. C. Seton, of Pitmedden; Charles E. Dalrymple, Kinneil Lodge; Professor Martin, Aberdeen; Dr. David Brown, Aberdeen; all the clergymen on the Aberdeen estates, and others. The Rev. Mr. Whyte, Methilie, conducted the funeral services, and the body was lowered into the family vault by the Methilie company of volunteers, of which the deceased was captain. The Earl of Abergeld (deceased's eldest brother) was absent, being on a tour in America and the West Indies.

THE relations between the commodore on the Australian station and the captain or the Galatea (for in that light must we regard his R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) says the *Army and Navy Gazette* have not been conducted in the manner we could wish during the time that the Galatea has been within the bounds of Captain Lambert's command. We have been informed that the senior officer on one occasion communicated to his junior the orders he had received from the Admiralty, and the latter, by way of answer, replied by telegraph that he had later orders in his possession which rendered him independent, and much more to the same effect. If his Royal Highness is in charge of the property of the public, merely for his own gratification or for State reasons, the fact should have been intimated to the commanding officers on the different stations which he has visited, and is about to visit, so that no *contretemps* should have been permitted to exist; but if he is visiting different quarters of Her Majesty's dominions as a captain of the Royal Navy, he should be prepared to act as and other officer of his rank would on meeting with a superior.

PROF. HUXLEY is working at a subject which is an interesting one for anatomists and paleontologists—namely, on the affinities between birds and reptiles, or, in other words, on a class of animals which appear to come between birds and reptiles. Few persons looking at an ostrich and a crocodile would imagine that their skeletons have many points of resemblance, yet, as Prof. Huxley shows, the resemblances are so numerous that it is not difficult to believe that birds and reptiles came originally from a species of animal in which the peculiarities of both were united. As yet there are missing links in the series, but among those which have been found in a fossil state are the pterodactyl, the iguanodon, the archæopteryx, and one or two others. As regards the pterodactyl, Prof. Huxley considers it was this creature that made the footmarks which have been taken for the prints of a bird's foot in the sandstone of Connecticut. He concludes also that the creature was accustomed at times to walk on its hind legs, in which position its feet would make the tracks now found on fossils, and its tail, dragging on the ground, would form the groove which still exists between the rows of tracks in the slabs, and has long been a puzzle to naturalists. This seems to be a probable solution of the question; but what an amazing spectacle must have been presented by one of those huge creatures walking erect!

A PIANO IN EVERY HOUSE.—In these days no house is considered completely furnished unless there is a piano in the drawing-room. A lady who boasted of the possession of one of these necessities of modern existence, but who was unable to play upon it, consoled herself with the reflection that it was "furniture," and something to look at. But now there are few girls who are not brought up with at least a smattering of music, and to people with limited incomes, to whom a piano is a perpetual source of delight and refined gratification, the terms upon which Messrs. Moore & Moore, of Bishopsgate-street, supply their unequalled musical instruments are of the highest utility. By paying about 50s., or even less, a quarter, any paterfamilias can secure a piano for his wife and daughters which will be his own property when the whole of the purchase money is paid. The old system would have absorbed the £2 10s. a quarter for the hire only. Consequently, it will be seen at a glance that Messrs. Moore & Co. confer an immense benefit upon every class of society, and more particularly upon those whose incomes are fixed, and not of the largest.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

MR. TRAIN's entertainments in the Rotunda have been a failure. A mid-day performance was announced for Saturday, but there were only ten or fifteen persons present.

The five prisoners charged with the murder of Miss Millbourne, at Birmingham, on the 21st ult., were again examined before the magistrates of that town, and evidence was adduced implicating them in the crime. The prisoners were committed for trial.

On Saturday a return of the Court of Chancery was issued showing that the "suitors' fund" of this court amounted in the year ending October 1st, 1867, to £171,819 1s. 5d. in cash, and £4,213,989 1s. 8d. in stock. The payments, &c., were £155,006 7s. 11d. cash, and £483,270 1s. 2d. stock, the balance being £16,813 6s. 6d. cash, and £3,735,719 0s. 6d. stock.

The majority in favour of Mr. Beresford Hope, at the University of Cambridge election, had increased by the close of the poll on Saturday evening to 536, the numbers being—Beresford Hope, 1,933; Cleasby, 1,397. The committee of Mr. Cleasby, feeling then that they had no further prospect of success, issued a notification that the contest would not be continued. Mr. Beresford Hope, therefore, is the representative for the University of Cambridge.

THE Secretary of the United States Ordnance Board thus reports officially to his Government:—"The 20-inch gun has been fired with a charge of 200lb. of powder and a shot weighing 1,100lb., and I have no hesitation in saying that this may be the regular charge for this gun. The range at twenty-five degrees elevation was more than four and a-half miles." We are busy adapting 68-pounders. Lookout somebody! And, as the Yankees say, "Stand from under."

On Saturday last the East Kent Chamber of Agriculture met at Canterbury, under the presidency of the Hon. G. W. Milles, to discuss Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's Turnpike Trust Bill, now before Parliament. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen was present, and read a long address explanatory of the proposed measure and in answer to the objections that have been urged against it becoming law. Other members of the chamber spoke for and against the bill, and ultimately a resolution was come to, that a petition should be forwarded from the chamber to the House of Commons expressing the approval of its members of the main principle of the measure so far as regards the abolition of tolls and the extension of the area of taxation; but that they were of opinion the Consolidated Fund should aid in the liquidation of the debt; and praying that with such amendment the said bill should pass into law. The petition was then numerously signed and forwarded the same evening for presentation to Parliament.

It is agreeable news to hear that the success of the efforts of the Ordnance select committee to provide the country with cheap guns, in order to arm as rapidly as possible the forts and batteries at home and in the colonies with rifled cannon, promises to be complete. A cast-iron 32-pounder, converted by Sir W. Armstrong and Co. for the Victoria Government, on Major Palliser's plan, fired some seventy-six heavy charges at Shoeburyness, as much, we believe, as 18lb. of powder and 80lb. shot. The gun was afterwards condemned by the Woolwich authorities, and submitted by the Ordnance select committee to the trying test of 2,000 rounds of service charges. It has just completed its task, having got through 2,076 rounds without injury, beyond a few scratches in the bore to the depth of one-tenth of an inch. This result is a proof of the extraordinary pitch of excellence to which the Elswick Ordnance Company have brought their coined barrels. It is stated, indeed, that their converted 68-pounders have been firing battering charges at Shoeburyness usually allotted to much heavier ordnance. Colonel Clarke's strengthened carriage answers admirably, one of the converted 68-pounders having fired 100 rounds from it with 22lb. of powder and 115lb. shot. Nothing could be better than the way the carriage behaved. Altogether the country is to be congratulated on the results of the efforts of General Lefroy and the officers of the Ordnance select committee. We hear that their report will soon be printed and laid on the table of the House.

On Wednesday evening two engines on the Caledonian Railway near Greenock were engaged shifting coal waggons from the main line down the incline at the Greenock Railway station to the coal depot at the low level. There being only a single line of rails on the incline, the driver of one of the engines, who was proceeding down, observed the other engine coming up, and engaged pushing a train of empty waggons before it. The danger of a collision was at once seen to be great. The driver of the down engine immediately shut off his steam, and again reversed it, in order, if possible, to avert, or at least lessen the effects of the imminent collision. The stoker of the engine, likewise seeing the danger, jumped off the locomotive. Before the latter engine could be brought up, however, the up train came into collision with it, and it is said the force of the concussion threw the driver of the down locomotive off his engine upon the metals; the consequence was that, immediately after the smash took place, the down engine, having its steam reversed, began to ascend the incline at a rapid rate, and gradually increasing its impetus, when it attained the level started for Port Glasgow at a great speed, the danger whistle blowing all the time. The Greenock and Perth goods train had but shortly preceded it, and the various pointsmen along the line hearing the whistle of the approaching engine showed their "danger" signals—but all to no effect. On went the unbridled "fiery steed," and dashing past Port Glasgow station, was suddenly brought to a stand by coming into collision with the train standing at the goods station near Port Glasgow. The break van of the train was considerably damaged, and had to be uncoupled and brought back to Greenock. Fortunately no person is reported injured.

THE ordinary proceedings of the Norfolk and Suffolk hunt were varied on Thursday by an incident which has given rise to much gossip, and which promises to give employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. The meet took place at Alderby, and the hare, it seems, in her windings eventually led the way through a field belonging to Mr. Coleman, of Toft Monks, who, it is well known, is opposed to hounds or huntsmen traversing his property. While pugs was in full flight across the ground, and before the hounds could come up, she was shot down by one of Mr. Coleman's men. Mr. Maplestone, a near neighbour of Mr. Coleman's, rode up and demanded possession of the hare, but the man refused to surrender it. At this stage Mr. Coleman and others of his men appeared on the scene, and, some high words following, Mr. Maplestone got unhorsed, and a general mêlée is said to have ensued. Mr. Robt. Larkman, jun., one of the huntmen, seeing the position of affairs, rode through the men, and, flourishing his whip, he laid about him vigorously. Encountering Mr. Coleman, the latter demanded his business there in language described as more forcible than polite, which was replied to in terms of equal energy. It is said that Mr. Larkman followed up the interchange of compliments with the application of his whip, which he laid to some purpose about the head and shoulders of his opponent, till forcibly drawn off by other members of the hunt. We are told that a number of summonses have been served on the part of Mr. Coleman, some for the assault, and some for trespass. A couple of months ago a hare was shot on Mr. Coleman's ground under similar circumstances by one of his men, and we are informed that he had given notice to the master of the hunt of his objection to his fields being ridden over.

METROPOLITAN.

THE REV. DR. PUSEY preached at St. Paul's Church, Wilton-
place, Knightsbridge, on Ash Wednesday.

It is now said that Her Majesty's Theatre is not to be rebuilt; but that Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have come to an amicable settlement of affairs; that the former will resign his management of the Royal Italian Opera in favour of the latter gentleman.

A LEARNED stock-broker has been before Alderman Carden. He was said to be the son of a deceased Polish count named Macouski, and though only eleven years old he knew English, French, and Polish perfectly, and was learning German. He had been employed as a stock-broker by the managers of the East-end Industrial School, but had absconded with his earnings and sold his uniform and the implements of his occupation. His mother begged the alderman to send him to a reformatory, which Sir R. Carden promised to do.

FOURTY South London shopkeepers were last week fined for knowingly or unknowingly cheating their customers by using unjust weights and measures. The fines amounted to £50. The black list included 11 licensed victuallers and beer retailers, 8 butchers, 1 eating-house keeper, 3 grocers and cheesemongers, 1 confectioner, 2 butchers, 6 coal and potato dealers, 5 bakers and 3 milkmen. The *South London Press* publishes the names and addresses of these gentlemen.

THE committee of the Newspaper Press Fund report a gradual increase in the number of their members, as well as the steady improvement in the financial condition of the fund. The number of members now on the roll-book of the society is 210: in London 117 members, of whom 47 are life, and the remaining 100 ordinary members; in the country, 63 members, of whom 9 are life members, 17 subscribing one guinea, and the remaining 37 half a guinea to the fund. The invested capital of the society now amounts to £3,822 11s. 7d., consisting of £3,122 11s. 7d. in the New Three per Cents, and £600 in the Great Indian Peninsula Railway debentures.

MR. DOULTON's letter, resigning his membership of the Metropolitan Board of Works, was read at a meeting of the Board. He says that he intended resigning about nine months ago, but that he delayed doing so until the investigation into the rumours relating to him, which he had courted, should be made. On this subject Mr. Doulton says:—"The Metropolitan Board of Works solemnly undertook such investigation, in which they have been engaged during the past three months, arriving at length at the adoption of a resolution by a majority of twenty to seven, distinctly affirming that the statements affecting me have not been proved. This conclusion, however, is so unsatisfactory, both for the Board and myself, that it appears to me there is but one course open for me to pursue—viz., to take such proceedings as I may be advised before a properly constituted legal tribunal as will more clearly and emphatically disprove the allegations brought against me."

AN extensive fire took place on Sunday morning in Marylebone, by which a score of houses and shops were destroyed, and many families suddenly left homeless, naked, and moneyless. The *locus in quo* was Portman-market, one of those aggregations of small shops, where an enormous business is done amongst the poorer classes, and are chiefly to be found in the midst of the most densely-crowded portions of the metropolis. The fire broke out soon after midnight in a shoe shop, and spread with great rapidity from shop to shop, so that in less than an hour the whole pile was in flames. Although the loss of property cannot be compared for a moment to that which has resulted from some of the great warehouse fires which have now and then occurred, the individual suffering it has entailed is far greater; and at one time vast masses of flames towered high in the heavens, fanned to fury by a strong breeze blowing from the north, and threatening with destruction the whole neighbourhood.

THE annual meeting of the Seventh Surrey Rifles was held on Saturday evening, at the Sessions House, Newington. Lieutenant-Colonel Beresford, who occupied the chair, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the members upon the improved and generally satisfactory condition of the corps, remarking that during the year they had been perfectly free from internal squabbles. In 1865 their efficients amounted to ninety-four per cent., in 1866 to ninety-five, and in 1867 to ninety-six per cent. He could not say that they had made much progress, but it was satisfactory to know that although their numbers had not increased, their per-cent of efficients was larger than in any former years. Since the 1st December they had enrolled fifty members, but against that they had lost eleven during the same period. He wished to make a few remarks with reference to the statement made by Lord Ranleigh, that the volunteer army was a sham, which statement, however, he had qualified by remarking that he only applied it to the volunteer army as a whole, and not to the volunteers individually. He differed from Lord Ranleigh upon the conclusion at which he arrived, and thought the greatest delusion to hold was that the volunteers should be an independent force or organisation, and looked upon it as perfect moonshine. They had received their instruction from the army, and he did not think they could do better than remain under its wing. The report, which was adopted, gave a comparative statement of the strength of the corps in the years 1866-67 showing that in 1867 the total number of members of all ranks was 500, being two less than in the previous year, but of that number there were 480 efficients as compared with 475 in the previous year. The usual routine business of the corps having been transacted, the proceedings were brought to a close.

TURF TOPICS.

ALTHOUGH the brilliant opening of the campaign, and the hostility to Rosicrucian have furnished abundant food for comment during the past few days, they have failed to divert attention from the retirement of the Duke of Beaufort, and the intelligence, which came so unexpectedly at Lincoln, has provoked great regret from all classes of the turf community. The noble Master of the Horse was one of the brightest ornaments to the turf, breeding his own horses, and racing for honour, and I can remember no more popular equestrian since the withdrawal of Lord Derby. No secret has been made that losses in mining properties have caused the early disappearance of the Badminton stripes, and 26 horses in training, including Vauban, Lord Ronald, Viridis, Gomera, Ceylon, and Europa, will be brought to the hammer on the 14th of March, at Ascot Heath. John Day will lose the best employer he has ever had, and unless Lady Elizabeth pulls off the Derby, the Dunbury fortunes, which appeared to be in their zenith last summer, will have sadly fallen. With his stud the Duke of Beaufort has enjoyed more than average luck, for, although Rustic and Vauban could only run third for the "blue ribbon," the latter won some thousands in stakes last year, the principal events which fell to his share being the Two Thousand, the Newmarket Biennial, the rich Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, and the Goodwood Cup. With Seville, who has only been leased by the Duke, he secured the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, and with Gomera the Goodwood Stakes, while Europa proved very useful in the juvenile events. Tracing further back in the *Calendar* the Newmarket Biennial and the Grand Prix de Paris were credited to Ceylon, and the Ascot Prince of Wales Stakes to Rustic, and the former banner has also been borne in the van by Siberia in the One Thousand Guineas, and Birdhill in the Stewards' Cup. Gentlemen of the Duke of Beaufort's position and influence can ill be spared, and as his turf policy stood out in bold relief against the reckless inconsistencies of the Young England school, the national pastime has been deprived (it may be hoped only temporarily) of a distinguished and generous patron.

PROVINCIAL.

AT least fourteen lives, in addition to several vessels, were lost on the coasts of Cornwall and Devon during the north-westerly gale which raged all day on Wednesday week.

The Derwent Biscuit Mills, belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam, were burned down on Wednesday night, and machinery and stock, owned by Messrs. Johnson and Taylor, and valued at £5,000, were also destroyed.

CONSTABLE CASEY, who was shot by William Mackey, the Fenian captain, on the night of his arrest, died at three o'clock on Saturday morning. Casey came to Cork on auxiliary duty from Omagh, county Tyrone.

The *John Bull* says that the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed Tuesday, March 3, for a special meeting of the National Society, to consider the education question, and a very large attendance is expected.

It was stated some time since that a mother and her daughter had died at a workhouse near Birmingham, through a nurse having applied to their skin carbolic acid for the cure of a cutaneous affection. The coroner's jury found that the deaths were accidental, but blamed the guardians for not providing better accommodation for persons suffering from the same causes as the deceased, and more efficient nurses.

A SINGULAR fire occurred late on Tuesday night at the works of the United General Gas Company, Limerick. A storm was raging at the time, and a strong gust of wind caused a gasometer which contained 200,000 feet of gas to cant over and fall against a wall; and the wall giving way, a large breach was made in the gasometer, from which the gas rushed out with immense force. When the gas reached a lamp in the yard it caught the flame, the blaze spread rapidly to the breach, and nearly the whole of the gas which the ponderous vessel contained was burned out within an hour. The light was visible for miles round the city.

ON Friday morning, about half-past four o'clock, the smack *Victoria*, lying at Powell's Wharf, Newport, was discovered to be on fire by Captain Drake, of the schooner *Dove*, lying alongside, and he succeeded in extinguishing the fire before any considerable amount of damage was done to the vessel, but when the smoke had cleared away the lifeless body of one of the men was discovered, one of his feet and one hand being burnt completely off. A man named Avery, on board, says that he and deceased went on board the worse for drink, and deceased lit a fire and they both fell asleep. The body of the unfortunate man was removed to Devonshire House to await a coroner's inquiry.

LAST WEEK the Bristol papers contained an announcement that a young gentleman, named Bingham, was missing from that city, and that he was last seen at Weston-super-Mare. He gave himself up in Gloucester. He had been staying in Cheltenham, had visited Gloucester Cathedral several times, and on Sunday lunched with one of the vergers, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance. When bills were issued offering a reward for his recovery he told his friend the verger the truth as to who he was, and the information was communicated to his friends. He said he had left home because his friends wished him to do something which he refused to do.

A MELANCHOLY accident, involving the loss of two lives, occurred in the Southampton Water between the hours of ten and eleven on Saturday morning. It appears that a young man named Cox, a gunmaker in business in Bernard-street, and Sergeant Dixon, armourer to the 2nd Hants Rifle Volunteers, engaged an American centre-board sailing boat from Valentine's establishment for the purpose of fetching gunpowder from the Marchwood Magazine for the use of the volunteers, it being the practice day at the rifle butts. Having procured their supply they were on their way home, when a sudden squall overtook them and capsized the boat. A lad named White, who was in charge of the boat, swam towards Crackner Hard, just off which the accident occurred, and was rescued by a boat which had put off immediately to their assistance, but both Dixon and Cox, being unable to swim, were drowned. A reward has been offered for the recovery of the bodies.

ABOUT seven o'clock on Friday morning the bodies of a man and woman were found in the Rochdale Canal, near David-street, Manchester. The woman appears to have been about 26 years of age, and was 5 feet 1 inches in height. She was dressed in a winsome gown. The man was from 30 to 35 years of age, and about 5 feet 6 inches in height. He wore a beard, and was dressed in a blue cloth coat trimmed with braid. He had on elastic-side boots, a woollen shirt, and red flannel drawers. He had in his possession a Geneva watch, about £3 in money, and a letter from Blackpool signed "Thomas T. Thompson." The face of the man was very much disfigured, but the injuries may have arisen from collision with the sides of the canal or from passing boats. The bodies had evidently been in the water several days. They have since been recognised as Thomas Royle and Jane Gillard, and it has been ascertained that they left the house 52, Portland-street, on Friday night, and they have never since been seen alive. Of their history and antecedents very little has yet been ascertained.

MR. SULLIVAN, proprietor of the *Nation*, and Mr. Pigott, proprietor of the *Irishman*, convicted at the present Dublin Assizes of publishing seditious libels upon the Government, were sentenced on Saturday morning. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald said that it was the grossest folly or the most flagrant misrepresentation to say that the Fenians at Manchester were not legally and righteously executed—not for political offence, but for murder, and that government would be impossible if the administration of justice were to be so grossly libelled as it had been by the defendants. Sullivan was sentenced to six months' and Pigott to twelve months' imprisonment, and at the expiration of those periods to be bound over in heavy recognisances to be of good behaviour. When the sentences were passed a number of the spectators present, including several Romish clergymen, went to the front of the dock where Mr. Sullivan was seated, and curiously shook hands with him and Mr. Pigott. On the removal of the prisoners they were loudly cheered. Although Mr. A. M. Sullivan, after sentence having been passed on him, declared that he had had a fair trial, yet through his editor and by his own words in the *Weekly News* he broadly hints at partiality in the constitution of the jury. The editor says, "The real issue turned upon the constitution of the jury, and here the game was safe from the outset"; and Mr. Sullivan, in what he calls "Parting Words" to the readers of his journal, sneers at the decision in this way, "The twelve men, deemed safe to be placed or permitted on a jury by the Crown—all others being ordered to stand aside—have duly returned a verdict against the *Weekly News* which consigns me to prison." He proclaims that this monstrous decision shall not intimidate him or silence the *Weekly News*; that he will not haul down the flag, neither would it fall to the ground when he was stricken down by the foe, and that other hands true and tried would bear it onward till his release.

A RUSSIAN FABULIST.—The chief learned bodies of Russia, such as the Vladimir University of Kiev, the Moscow University, the Petersburg Academy, &c., are preparing the celebration of the centenary of the greatest fabulist Russia ever produced—viz. Krylov, Krylaw, or Kril(u)lov, as the name is variously spelt. He was in turn dramatist, essayist, journalist, until, when about forty years of age, he accidentally discovered that nature had intended him to be the Russian La Fontaine. The popularity he achieved by his fables, about 200 in number (of which Mr. Ralston lately gave some interesting specimens in *Good Words*), throughout all classes of the inhabitants of Russia was enormous. He was rewarded by a librarianship in St. Petersburg—a kind of sinecure in his case—and many Imperial favours besides. He died in 1844.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Paris papers announce the death of M. Léon Foucault, well known for his scientific researches and discoveries in physics.

A PICTURE attributed to Murillo has just been discovered in the church of Villaharta, in the province of Cordova.

It is reported that Mr. Seward has requested Mr. Charles O'Connor and Mr. James T. Brady to go to Europe in order to defend American citizens prosecuted by the British authorities for Fenianism.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the Mississippi Convention to disfranchise for five years all planters who have intimidated or dissuaded negroes from attending elections or political meetings.

THE French Society of Dramatic Authors, at the instance of M. Emile Augier, have voted the sum of 300f. towards the erection of a monument to Ponsard at one of the squares in Vienna, the poet's birthplace.

An important article on the cause, which led to the easy victory by Prussia over Austria, and containing reflections on the new French Army Bill, from the pen of the Prince de Joinville, appears in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

DURING the late civil war in the United States, 15,389 miles of telegraph were erected for military purposes; and their total cost, up to the end of 1865, amounted to 3,787,037 dollars. All this material has since been sold, and only a few confidential clerks are retained in employment for cipher correspondence with important military posts by the ordinary lines.

THE army of the United States is to be provided, as speedily as possible, with breech-loading small arms; and we learn from the report of the Secretary of War that, as a large number of Springfield rifle-muskets remain on hand, they are to be converted into breech-loaders. This conversion will, it is thought, produce a weapon superior to the Prussian needle-gun.

THE Sultan lately applied to the British Government for ten artisans to serve in his arsenal at Constantinople as instructors in the manufacture of machinery and war material, and Mr. John Anderson, of Woolwich Arsenal, was instructed by the War Department to make a selection, and has done so accordingly. The men are to receive £20 per month, and £20 each for travelling expenses.

THE golden rose sent this year by the Pope to the Queen of Spain is not, as might be supposed, an object of trifling value; on the contrary, it is a truly remarkable work of art, representing a branch of a rose-tree, with the thorns and buds in pure gold, and having at the extremity a flower of larger size. The bough rests on an elegant pedestal of silver gilt, which bears the Papal arms among its ornaments. The intrinsic value of the present, calculated by the weight of the gold only, is about £100.

AFTER a lengthy and successful visit to Melbourne and other places in Australia, Madame Celeste has started on her return to England, where she intends giving a short series of farewell performances previous to her final retirement from the stage. The performances will be under the express patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who, when at Melbourne, on more than one occasion paid a visit to the theatres for the purpose of witnessing Madame Celeste's performances.

THE curious geological changes that have been remarked from the time to time in the north of Italy, and especially on the shores of lakes in that part of the country, are now attracting more than ordinary attention. An hotel, built many years ago at Desenzano, on the shore of the Lake Garda, is gradually sinking at the rate of six inches daily, and the ground-floor has already disappeared. The imminent taking place imperceptibly, and with out any shock. A scientific commission from Milan has been appointed to examine and report upon the phenomenon.

THE prosecution of the works of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has passed into the hands of a company, having at its head the two engineers Soumeller and Grattani. The company undertakes to finish the tunnel in four years from the 1st of January last, and to pay a stipulated sum for every month beyond that time during which it shall not have been completed, while, on the other hand, should the work be finished before that time, the company is to receive the same amount for every month gained. It is stated that the chief difficulties lie on the Italian side of the mountain, where, in consequence of the great hardness of the rocks, the cost of tunnelling is about £72,000 per kilomètre, whereas on the French side the cost is only from £10,00 to £12,000.

THE Athens journals of the 14th inst. publish the following from Crete:—"On the night of the 5th inst. a band of insurgents fell upon the Turkish troops and killed and wounded a considerable number and captured a quantity of arms. On the following day 3,000 Turkish reinforcements were defeated by the insurgents, and forced to retire. The native Turks are constantly requesting permission to be allowed to leave Crete, as they are undergoing great hardships through the insurrection. Ali Pasha, however, refuses their request." A Trieste telegram says that the Greek steamers Union and Crete continued to make voyages between Syra and Canda, and Russian vessels were still removing Cretan refugees from the island.

A GANG of women robbers has just been suppressed in Paris. They were under the command of a stout middle-aged woman named Catherine Keller, who planned the operations and distributed the parts. Her lieutenant, who did the active work out of doors, was a young Genevee girl, Marie Antoine, who found an ally in her sweetheart, Eugène Delvaux. The various women used to be posted at the omnibus stations of Paris. A very useful member of the sisterhood was a big paysanne who hustled about in the crowd, making vigorous play with her legs and arms, while her companions profited by the disorder thus created to rifle the pockets of bystanders. The paysanne has escaped, but Keller, Antoine, and Legon have been convicted and sentenced, the first to six months' imprisonment and two years' surveillance, and the other to four months' imprisonment.

A TELEGRAM from New York through the Atlantic cable, corroborates the statement of a Washington correspondent that the President has nominated General M. C. Leavenworth as United States Minister to Great Britain.—Through the cable we also learn that the President had issued an order removing Mr. Stanton from the post of Secretary for War, that Mr. Stanton refused to surrender the office, and appealed against the President's order to the Senate. Thereupon the Senate declared the order to be illegal, and Congress referred the matter to the Reconstruction Committee. To the latter body was also referred at the same time a resolution for the impeachment of the President, who reported in its favour. The quarrel between the President and Congress is thus arriving at a climax.—The Peterhoff prize case has been finally settled, and the money paid over to the English claimants.—Saturday, the 22nd, was the anniversary of the birth of Washington, and was observed as a holiday throughout the States.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.—The Russian Government has just ordered all the inhabitants of the kingdom of Poland to give up any arms that may be in their possession. As a rule no Pole in the kingdom is allowed to keep arms, but he may buy a gun on obtaining a special permit from the authorities, which is renewable yearly on payment of a tax of six roubles. It is observed that similar general disarmaments to that now ordered have always taken place in Poland immediately before the outbreak of disturbances in Europe. The Poles had to give up their arms in 1846, 1848, and 1852, as they have now, only that formerly they obtained receipts for them from the officials, while on the present occasion this formality is dispensed with.

WORKHOUSE MISMANAGEMENT.

THAT the poor have occasionally some grounds for the dislike they evince against accepting "indoor" relief for themselves and their children, the following facts will show:—When a mother and child are received into a workhouse the child is separated from the mother and is consigned to the children's ward, where it is tended by a workhouse nurse. The Wigan coroner has been holding an inquest on the body of an infant nine months old, the illegitimate daughter of Susannah Banister, an inmate of the Wigan workhouse. One Monday Banister took her child to the infant ward to hand it over to the nurse, but remonstrated when she found that it was to be handed over to one Kitty Dawber, an idiot, seventeen years of age. The matron replied that Dawber was the best nurse to be had at the time, and to Dawber the baby was accordingly handed. The idiot forthwith stripped her charge, and sitting down before the fire with a bucket of scalding water by her side, plunged the child into it, nothing moved by the poor little wretch's screams. She then took it out, laid it across her lap, and, taking a rough towel, rubbed it violently, until another of the nurses, a woman paralysed in her right side, named Mary Finch, aged seventy-three, observed, "Dost na see tha't rubbin' all the skin off?" A piece of skin, three inches long, was subsequently found adhering to the towel, and another bit, as large as a crown piece, was picked up from the floor. On the following Wednesday the scalded child died. Besides Kitty Dawber, the idiot, and Mary Finch, the paralytic woman, there were amongst the nurses in the infant ward of the Wigan workhouse, Ann Hart, aged seventy-nine, so weak that she could not carry a child across the ward, Betty Hartley, aged eighty-one, and Alice Welby, another stout active idiot. The coroner adjourned the inquest, and directed the idiot Dawber to be taken into custody.

FREEDOM OF DEBATE IN PRUSSIA.

The chief incident of the discussion on the third reading of Herr Lasker's motion on freedom of debate in Prussia (which, as the telegraph has already informed us, was passed by a majority of 174 to 144) was the speech made by Dr. Leonhardt, the new

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN AUSTRALIA.

A MELANCHOLY accident is recorded to have marred the rejoicings at Sandhurst on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the diggings in that locality. Amongst other modes of complimenting his Royal Highness, the people had, on the night of the illumination, provided a model of the Galates, manned by little boys, which was wheeled through the streets at night. Its decks were partly occupied by fireworks. Amongst these a care-free or mischievous bystander tossed a cracker; and accordingly the model blew up, burning the little crew so severely that three of them died shortly afterwards. When in the Ballarat districts his Royal Highness visited the celebrated Bend of Hope claim, and descended 450 feet into the bowels of the earth, where he was conducted to the richest part of the mine, and knocked out for himself so many and such large nuggets that it has been suspected the loyalty of the directors contrived for his Royal Highness a royal road to gold digging on the occasion. Be this as it may, the Duke was delighted with his success, and has forwarded for the Queen's inspection a photograph of himself and his suite as they emerged, mud-stained, from their particularly successful adventure.

THE "BELGRAVE MANSIONS."

A SOCIAL experiment of some interest is now being tried in Belgravia. There are many people in good circumstances, bachelors, single ladies, or married couples without family, who are afraid to face the trouble and expense of becoming householders, especially as small houses of the size that would suit them are rarely to be found in a good situation, even at a high rent; and who, on the other hand, find an irksome sacrifice of independence in ordinary lodgings. An attempt is now being made—with what success remains to be seen—to provide accommodation for this class somewhat after the French fashion. A large pile of buildings called "Belgrave Mansions" has been built on Lord Westminster's estate. The rooms are let singly or in suites as unfurnished apartments, each tenant having the liberty, of course, to furnish and fit them up as he pleases. The company provides

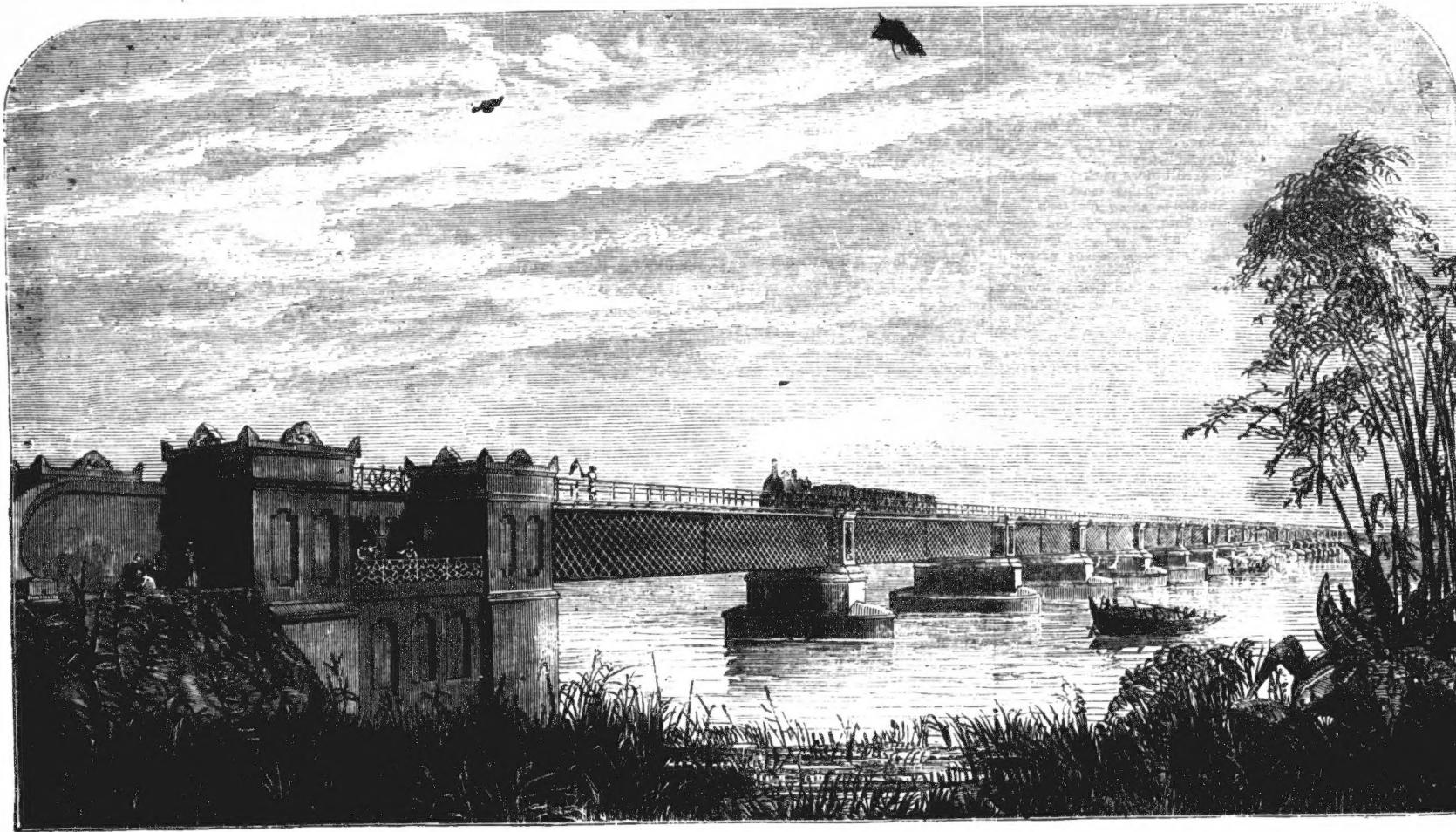
THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

Moscow has in modern times, in the eyes of foreigners, derived its chief historical interest from the sublime sacrifice, which, in 1812, the inhabitants made rather than submit to the victor of Austerlitz—the conqueror of continental Europe. After the battle of Borodino—that battle which cost so much blood—Napoleon entered Moscow; but the Governor had previously evacuated the place, at the head of 40,000 persons, and caused the city to be set on fire in 500 places. During the terrible conflagration that followed, no fewer than 12,840 houses were burned to the ground, besides palaces and churches; and the flames wreathed around the horse of Napoleon as he hurried through the narrow streets.

Before that memorable conflagration Moscow was described by our travellers as surpassing in splendour the finest of European capitals—in poverty, the poorest of European villages. One of them said it looked as if four hundred castles of the nobility had been transported thither, each carrying its attendant village of wooden cottages. Wretched hovels were blended with magnificent palaces; lowly cottages stood next to stately mansions; and some parts looked like a sequestered desert, thinly scattered over with huts, pigsties, gardens, dunghills, brickwalls, churches, palaces, warehouses, and timber-yards.

After the fearful fire of 1812, Moscow was a sad and touching spectacle. Up to 1814 at least, the whole circular space of twenty-five miles' circumference looked black and dreary. Streets lying in ruins, disjointed columns, mutilated porticos, broken cupolas, and walls of rugged stucco—these were what the visitor saw of the old capital of Muscovy.

But years passed on; and the work of re-construction was undertaken with energy. From its ashes, Moscow arose much grander, more extensive, more regular than it had been; and while in some respects retaining the aspect of an ancient city, possessing all those advantages of which new cities can boast—arsenals, observatories, botanical gardens, and a university, with a hundred professors. Abandoned in some measure by its sovereigns, and no longer the seat of a court, Moscow takes kindly to commerce. Indeed, the talent for traffic lies deep in the Russian blood; and



RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE SOANE.

Minister of Justice. It will be recollected that the appointment of this eminent jurist in the place of Count zur Lippe, whose opposition to the majority of the House on this question was the cause of his withdrawal from the Cabinet, was universally regarded at the time as a sign that the Government was disposed to accept the interpretation put by the House and the country generally on the article in the Constitution securing the privilege of freedom of debate to the members of the Prussian Chamber. Dr. Leonhardt's speech rather weakened than confirmed this impression, and the applause with which it was received by the Conservative party added to the prevalent suspicion that his views on the question are not so different from those of his predecessor as was at first supposed. He said, on being challenged to state his opinion, that he did not consider himself empowered to do so, as he does not sit in the House as a deputy, but as a Minister; and that, as regards the intentions of the Government, he could only say that no decision had as yet been arrived at, but that the matter would have their best consideration. These evasive words produced a very unfavourable impression in the Chamber, and it is now considered certain that the motion will be thrown out in the Upper House.

THE "Royal Insurance Company's Almanac for 1868" is, if possible, in advance of its predecessors, both in external attractiveness and intrinsic worth. In lieu of the extended notices that constituted an attraction to the publication in former years, the obituary of the present issue is restricted to a memoir of the Princess Matilda, and of the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico. Appended to these is an able critique upon "The Early Days of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," with full and interesting extracts. Among the distinctive features of "The Almanac for 1868" there is one announcement which may fairly claim the prominence assigned to it. We allude to the concession of an increased share of life profits, not only to new assureds but to existing clients. The directors have by this proposal exceeded all former instances of liberality, as well as defied precedent, seeing that they were under no bond to confer upon the constituency of the past such a largess as that now proffered to the acceptance of future participants and policy-holders.

all necessary service, and there is a coffee-room for the use of the tenants. There is no obligation, implied or understood, that the tenants should take their meals in the house; they are free to live just as they like, and can procure their wine, tea, coffee, and everything else wherever they choose—in short, it is proposed that they shall enjoy as much privacy and independence as if they were in a house of their own. Much will, of course, depend on the way in which such establishments are conducted, but there can be no doubt that there is a want to be supplied, and that the club system is capable of useful development in this direction.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE SOANE.

THIS bridge, of which we give an engraving, is one of the great engineering works on the East Indian Railway, and crosses the river Soane not far from its junction with the Ganges. It was manufactured in this country by W. G. Armstrong and Co., of Newcastle. The bridge consists of twenty-eight clear spans of 150 feet each, and the total length is 4,700 feet. The superstructure is entirely of wrought-iron. The rails are laid on the tops of the girders, which are of lattice construction, specially designed with a view to their easy transport to, and re-erection in India.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF SPAIN.—It may be hoped that some improvement has taken place in the financial condition of Spain. The deficit of 1866-7 had been estimated at £3,000,000, but the actual amount is only £2,531,548, which will be more than made good by the amount realized by recent conversion operations (£3,680,838). The deficit of 1867-8 will be rather considerable in consequence of the difficulties with which the Spanish Government has had to contend; for 1868-9 the deficit is estimated, however, at only £480,482.

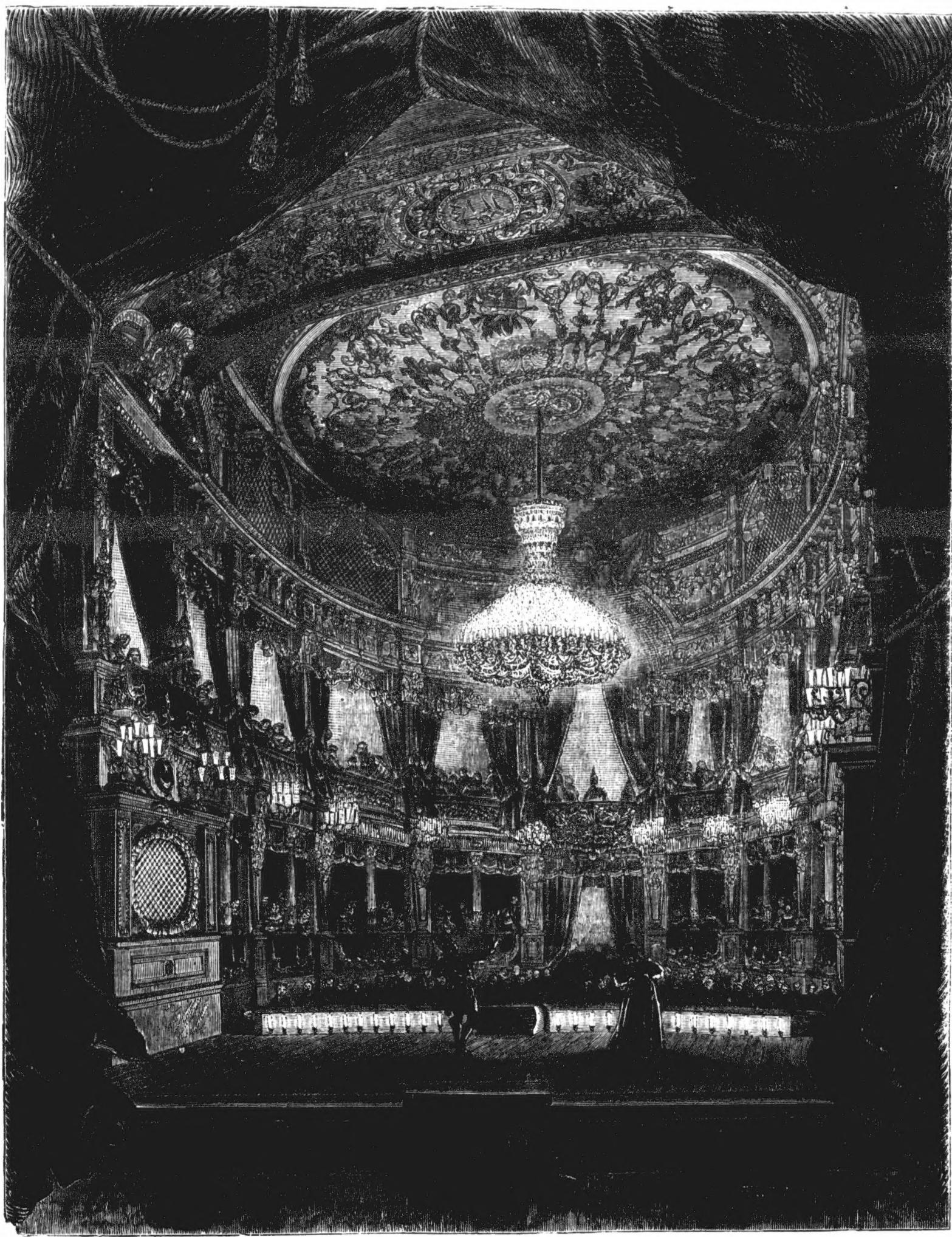
THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemburg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116 Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]

even children show a readiness in mercantile affairs, which in other countries is only exhibited by traders of long experience. Moscow, from its geographical situation, is the centre of the internal commerce of Russia; and of late years, the manufactures have increased so much that more than 20,000 of the inhabitants depend on this branch of industry. More than all this, Moscow has a tincture of freedom, stands at times upon her dignity, and even exercises the privilege of asking explanations from her despotic rulers, as London was in the habit of doing from the Norman Kings of England.

Most interesting among the historic edifices of Moscow is the Kremlin, which—having previously existed in a temporary form—was re-constructed in 1485 by two Italian architects, Marco and Pietro Antonio, who had for that purpose been invited to Moscow by the terrible Czar. The Kremlin became a town in itself, including, besides the palace, two objects of much interest, the magnificent churches of the Assumption and of St. Nicholas. The solidity of the ramparts exceeds that of the rocks on which they stand, and the massive walls, a chain of mountains, the lowest, with small windows and loopholes, tapering to the sky. Custine it is, we think, who calls the Kremlin "a varied landscape in stone."

And from the Kremlin what a view! What a gay-looking city, with its gilded domes, its golden crosses, its cupolas bespangled with stars, its roofs gaily painted, its lofty spires, its palace-like buildings, its irregular streets, its pleasant gardens, and "the seven hills" on which Moscow is built rising from the banks of the Muskova, all too narrow and scanty of water to flow past such a magnificent abode of men.

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylbalsamum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]



THE INTERIOR OF THE OPERA HOUSE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE MASKED MAN.

ONE of the principal attractions in Paris for some months past has been "L'Homme Masqué." This personage, who reveals neither his name nor his face to the public, gives a series of athletic performances in the circus in the Rue Lepelletier. He makes his appearance in the arena with a black mask on his face and black gloves on his hands, the rest of his person being covered with white "tricot," and though his muscular development does not seem to be extraordinary, he performs wonderful feats of strength. Hitherto he has always been victorious in the numerous contests with adversaries apparently much stronger than himself, such as "le Colosse des Alpes" and the Marseilles wrestler known as "le Fauve des Jungles." The mania for athletics with which he has inoculated the Parisians is amusingly burlesqued in a farce entitled "Des Lutteuses," at the Bouffes. A middle-aged mil-

iner, roused to enthusiasm by the performances of "l'homme masqué," determines to convert her shop into a gymnasium. She has her son taught boxing, takes shower-baths every morning, and makes her shopwomen lift heavy weights and perform other gymnastic feats. While this is going on the husband returns from a journey, bringing with him a husband for his daughter and a notary. He finds, to his utter amazement, ropes hanging from the ceiling of his wife's shop, and foils and single-sticks in every corner. Soon his wife appears in boxing costume, and receiving the notary, whom she mistakes for the celebrated athlete "le Rocher de St. Malo," gives him a playful dig in the ribs, which knocks him head over heels. The husband here interposes, but she stops his grumblings by swinging him on a trapeze, and at length compels all her visitors to yield to her athletic superiority.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan.*—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Oriental Troupe—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.
 DRURY LANE.—The Man of the World—The Prisoner of Toulon. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—The Broken-Hearted Club—David Garrick—Box and Cox—Family Jars. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—One Too Many for Him—The Woman of the World—If I Had a Thousand a Year. Seven. Monday, Martin Chuzzlewit.
 PRINCESS'S.—Octoorn—Arrah-na-Pogue. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—Narcisse—Who's to Win Him?—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.
 ST. JAMES'S.—The Skyrackets—Chimney Corner—The Two Gregories. Half-past Seven.
 STRAND.—Old Salt—Paris—Coal and Coke. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—La Vivandiere.
 HOLBORN.—Flying Scud—Valentine and Orson. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—John Jones—Daddy Gray—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan. Half-past Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—Play—Mrs. White. Eight.
 ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Ambassador—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.
 ASTLEY'S.—The French Spy—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.
 SURREY.—The Peep Show Man—The Fair One with the Golden Locks. Seven.
 SADLER'S WELLS.—Change in performances nightly. Seven.
 STANDARD.—An Unequal Match—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.
 MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep—Bitter Cold. Seven.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Guiding Star—Robin Hood and His Merry Men—The Guilty Mother. Seven.
 BRITANNIA.—All but One—Don Quixote. Quarter to Seven.
 VICTORIA.—Wild Tribes of London—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Two and Eight.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

"ENGLAND AND IRELAND."

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. John Stuart Mill's pamphlet bearing the above heading is of the most revolutionary character, but we must not be hasty in condemning so profound a politician for travelling out of the time-worn ruts in which many of us in England are content to jog along as our forefathers jogged along before us. Mr. Mill gives us to understand that Ireland must be pacified by liberal measures and not by the gibbet and the sword. When the greatest political thinker of our generation puts before the public his revised and final opinion on the best way of dealing with such a topic as Irish discontent, there will be a very strong and very rational desire, on the part of men who confess to much perplexity of mind on the subject of our rights and duties, to know what that political thinker has to say. In "England and Ireland" Mr. Mill speaks out his thoughts with a boldness and clearness that will take away some people's appetites for many a day. He uses the plainest terms to express the plainest things. He proposes measures which are described by himself as revolutionary, and he expresses his strong conviction that what is needed as a cure for the evils under which Ireland groans is a revolution. Readers have become weary of being told that Ireland is England's main difficulty; but this is just one of the evils to which a reader must reconcile himself as best he can. Since we can neither moor the island out in the middle of the Atlantic, as many would like to do, nor sink it for six hours in a tempest, as some good-natured critics

have desired, we must deal with it where it is, and as it is; and the practical question now presenting itself to everybody is, whether we can find out a method of dealing with it which will put an end to our chronic trouble. But the minds of men are changed and changing as regards the way of looking at these fundamental principles. We are beginning—we, the conquerors—to see that the vanquished have some rights. We are not so much in love with strong government as our fathers were; nay, we are even coming to see that every people, even though it may have lost a few battles, has a right, in the long run, to be governed in accordance with its moral convictions of what is just, and with what it conceives to be its physical interests. This way of looking at the theory of national rights has been fostered in us by thought, by reading, by events. We have learnt to apply this new spirit of insight to the affairs of Italy, of Germany, of America. We are quick enough to see that force is not a sufficient title for the Austrian in Venice. We do not admit that the defeat of Custoza destroyed the claim of Italy to live its own life in its own way. How, then, can we refrain from extending to Ireland the benefit of a rule which we have ourselves come to apply to Venice? A student who looks at the case of Ireland under the long connexion with England, is struck by certain facts, which start inquiries, not to be answered perhaps off-hand. When Ireland was first invaded by the Normans from England—for the conquest which Ireland then suffered was very much the same sort of violent occupation by a foreign force which England had then suffered—she was in every way alien and hostile to her invaders. Her language was different, her laws were different, her customs were different, her politics were different. In certain things there has been an approach between the English and the Irish. The two peoples are certainly not so far alien, so completely hostile, now, as they were in past times. Of course we speak of the real English and the real Irish. The Irish, who are so bitterly hostile to us in some things, have become one with us in others. They have, to wit, adopted our language, and so far made it their own that they use it with a force and sparkle not in every case achieved by Englishmen. No Irish writer or speaker wishes to "repeal" the English tongue. No Fenian, however crazy, desires to address his countrymen in the idiom of Brian Boru. Now, why have the Irish been able to accept our letters and our speech, and not our political system? Is it not because the first came to them freely, and proved an advantage, while the second was imposed on them by pike and bayonet, and did not seem to them a benefit? The Irish people may have been wrong, but this was evidently their way of looking at things; and they have acted for five hundred years according to their view of the facts. Once and again they have broken out into furious mutiny, committing such atrocities as an enslaved people will always commit when, for a moment of uncertain success, it gains the upper hand in a fight. For many generations the Irish race has been eloquent in sedition, fiery in speech and song, clamorous for some sort of programme which it thought would bring about a reign of justice. While it was eloquent in speech and song, it was not very formidable to us, for we love eloquence in speech and song, and rather like to hear in our drawing-rooms the twang of the harp that once sounded in Tara's halls. Now, Irish discontent has assumed a new shape. All at once, it has ceased to utter itself in speech and song. It has become voiceless. Fenians kill our policemen in open day, blow in our prisons in open day; but they do not tell us why they do so, except in these inarticulate and inconvenient ways. They do not want repeal; they laugh at the question of an Irish Church; they care nothing about our tenant right. But they have a policy though they have no programme. Their policy is that which the Italians had in regard to Venice, and which they have now in regard to Rome. They want the country. They say that Ireland is theirs, and that the English have no more right to it than the Austrians had to Lombardy—than the Russians have to Poland. We may scout this pretension; and if we resolutely stand by our spoil, we have the power to keep what we have got. But then comes the question—not to be answered in a day, but one that will rise up again and again—is England really interested in this maintenance of the Irish conquest so far as to hold on, at all hazards, to the conditions imposed upon the conquered race at the moment when they had "no rights"? Mr. Stuart Mill does not think so. It is true that neither Europe nor America would bear the spectacle of a Poland across the Irish Channel. We must strike at the root of the evil. An Irishman with a free church, a long lease, and the prospect of some day becoming an owner of the soil, would not give much encouragement to Fenianism. Mr. Mill's proposal for converting the present race of Irish peasants into proprietors of the soil by the simple process of giving them the lands they now occupy, subject to a fixed rent-charge, is certain to alarm many persons and to excite fierce discussion. The Irish landlords will object; the men of Ulster will object; many of those who think that the right of property is the first and most sacred of all rights will object. Even if the idea could be made acceptable to the House of Commons, the question remains open, whether such a change would satisfy the Fenians. From all that we have heard from Fenians in America, we should say it would not. The Fenian does not want to regain the land of Ireland subject to a rental, either to a landlord or the State. He wants it free from encumbrance; subject to no condition. It is for him a question of history. His position is, that his forefathers lost their estates when they lost a battle, and he means to get them back in the same way in which they were won by his enemies; by the power of the sword.

PUBLIC OPINION.

COTTON.

It is not easy to say exactly how many ups and downs there have been in the cotton trade since the termination of the American war, but the present is one of the fluctuations by which the trade is slowly finding its level. There has been a succession of surprises. People were first astonished to find new countries sending us so much cotton; and when the war was over they were equally surprised to find that America had so much to send, and could grow so much under her altered circumstances. Very lately there arose a general conviction that from all countries we should soon receive a supply as abundant and cheap as any we had before the American war. This, of course, was very hopeful for our manufacturers, but it rather spoilt the golden prospects that had been opened to India and other Eastern countries. The prices are now such as would certainly repay a large Indian cultivation, and revive the flagging receipts of the Indian railways and navigation companies. Even the port of Bombay, lifted up to heaven in order to be dashed down, may be comforted and revived by Surat at 7*l.* a pound and still rising. The movement described above, extraordinary as it may seem, and even indefensible to non-trading minds, must necessarily increase the ultimate supply, by raising the profits of importers and the wages of cultivators. Even a small addition to the prices will be much more effectual than all the official inquiries, and all the missions for cotton discovery that Government were some years since required to send into every continent and over every sea. A rising market in these matters is the most intelligible and most trustworthy of all invitations, though, unfortunately for many who had responded to the call, the drop came too quickly and too deep not to be disastrous. But nobody could be blamed for it, unless it were the Americans for making so quick a work of their difficulty, which all sides there had contributed to make the most of. Now, at least, the cotton trade is left to its natural course, and, with a very large competition of customers and unlimited regions of supply, it presents a good field for reviving speculation, and for the employment of that capital which has been for some time, as it were, on strike against most of its old employers.—*Times*.

THE SESSION AND THE MINISTRY.

It is impossible Irish affairs should not be discussed during the present session. The Liberal leaders would be quite false to their duty and inferior to their position if they did not indicate their line of policy with regard to Ireland; but they should use this year as a year of quiet preparation for dealing with Ireland, and carefully avoid making Ireland the source of party animosities, or the subject of party triumphs. On the other hand, the Conservatives must make up their mind to yield a good deal. Of all improprieties of which the friends of the Constitution and the Church could be guilty, scarcely any could rival that of leaving a variety of questions touching the Church to be the battlefield of perpetual conflicts between a reformed House of Commons and the House of Lords. There is at least one strong reason why it is desirable that the Ministry should stay in, and that is, that no one wishes them to go out. There is no prospect of getting a better Ministry, and there is a prospect of getting a much worse one. To have a good Foreign Secretary is, therefore, the first of our needs; and British taxpayers at this moment groaning under their twopence of additional income-tax are, one hopes, firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with Lord Russell and Mr. Layard. The present House of Commons could not possibly get on with a new Liberal Ministry which must virtually be same as that which last held office. In a new Parliament the personal feeling against Mr. Gladstone will not be so strong, or perhaps will not exist, and it will be possible for him to find a new set of colleagues beyond the list of established Whig hacks. He has now a splendid opportunity of setting himself right with the country, if it is in him to mend his ways and repair his errors.—*Saturday Review*.

METROPOLITAN TAXATION.

We must infer from Mr. Goschen's argument on the subject of local taxation that his real object was to propose or to suggest, or, in a far-off kind of way to hint that Parliament and the country should consider whether rates might not in some degree be equalized or their inequalities compensated, for at the end he submitted a plan for redressing the balance of local taxation. It is a pity, however, Mr. Goschen did not state his meaning directly, as the House of Commons is fond of plain statements, easily followed and easily understood. He caught every puff of discontent to help himself along, and was so much occupied in obtaining this support as to obscure his real purpose. The proposition he did at last make is open to the obvious objection that it would, so far as it might be operative, take away all motives for local economy in the administration of local functions. But the consideration of such a scheme, especially as applied to London, where, according to Mr. Goschen, the occasion for it is strongest, appears to be altogether premature. Before considering the ways and means of raising money there is a question to be determined—the organisation which shall spend it. The first duty in legislating for the metropolis is the simplification and reduction of its governing powers. If Mr. Goschen would render us as great a service as he appears desirous of doing, he should produce some scheme for a general representative Government. He will probably find difficulties in his way both from the corporation and the House of Commons, but the task is worthy of his energy and his ambition.—*Times*.

PREMIERS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

We protest against the broad principle which has been peremptorily laid down by some of our contemporaries that for the future it will always be necessary that the Premier should be in the House of Commons. There is neither justice nor expediency in laying down any limit whatever to the selection of the chief officer of government. There is a natural and constitutional limit already, in the many necessities and obligations of the office of Premier, which is quite sufficient to protect the public against any possible injury or inconvenience through the Premier being in one House of Parliament rather than in another. The greater part of the business of government must always lie in the house which represents the people; and Ministers will generally find it more convenient, for their own sake, to have their leaders in the House of Commons rather than in the House of Lords. But this depends very much on the character of the man who is Prime Minister. And it may happen that our best man—perhaps our only good man—for the office of Premier is to be found not in the Lower, but in the Upper House. Are we to pass him over merely because he is a peer? Surely the obligation to such a rule would be a far greater inconvenience than any which the country could suffer by having the Prime Minister in the House of Lords.—*Standard*.

THE discussion in the French Corps Legislatif during the latter part of last week, was on that portion of the new Press Bill which relates to the prohibition against publishing summaries of the debates of the Chamber. Various attempts in the shape of amendments were made to remove or modify the restriction, but they were all unsuccessful.

ANOTHER ANCIENT CITY.—Whilst there seems to be some danger of a new engulfment of the still partly-buried site of Pompeii, another ancient city seems to burst into life. Traces of a large ancient town near Castranova, in Sicily, high up on the plateau of the Cassera mountains, have been discovered, and excavations are to be set on foot without delay. Meanwhile, the director of the archaeological museum, Professor Cavallero, has a minute topographical plan of the ruins prepared, and expectations of vast and important "finds" are current throughout the archaeological world.

LITERATURE.

"Home Poems." By W. C. Bennett. George Routledge, and Co., the Broadway, Ludgate-hill. One Shilling.
MR. BENNETT has been called the Poet Laureate of the nursery. This is to a certain extent a just designation. His "Baby May" and his cradle songs are perfectly unique; but he is also poet of the heart. He touches, with his homeliness, the good feeling, the quiet content with which he accepts his position in life and the excellent precepts he inculcates. A man after reading these poems may not be a better, but as he lays down the book he will not be a worse, man, for his finer feelings will have been touched, and all that is simple and innocent in his nature will be evoked. Take the following charming poem. What could be sweeter, what could be prettier?

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few, Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you; And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new. Blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life, When thanks to God, you low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you; That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day: How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was of you; But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new! No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me; And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true, But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new! O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there, For me you would not bravely face,—with me you would not share.

O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you, Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.
Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here, Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear, Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you, More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new. And bles'd be God all He has given are with us yet; around Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found; Though care we've known, with hopeful hearts the worse we've struggled through;

Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new. The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet; The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget; Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true, We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old, We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold; Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you, And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new. And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest, May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast; O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you, Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

It is as a lover and interpreter of children that Mr. Bennett excels. To him a baby is a fairy:

OUR FAIRIES.

There are fairies here about us,
That our homes are brightening still,
Who were dull and sad without us,
Whom they come with joy to fill;
Perchance their gold they've squandered,
And so can live no more
In Elfland, and have wandered
For shelter through our door.
Blest is the roof above them;
We care not why they've come;
We know but that we love them,
These fairies of our home.

One of them but a baby,
Crows in its mother's arms,
Its mood, what'er it may be,
That mood its mother charms.
It drinks at her dear bosom,
It laughs up in her eye,
A blooming rosy blossom
Of but the tiniest size.
Blest are the eyes above it;
To bless them it has come;
This baby how we love it,
This fairy of our home!

After describing "Baby May," in some inimitable lines, he says with an air of triumph which would be ludicrous were it not for its sincerity—

"That's my Bennett, that's my baby."

We are constrained to suppose that it was the first-born who was thus eulogised, as when babies multiply there is apt to be a sameness about them which to a parent of unpoetical tendencies is apt to become tedious. However, we give Mr. Bennett credit for his poems, and from the instalment of his works before us, we unhesitatingly pronounce it as our opinion that he ought to take a high rank amongst British poets.

"Old Deccan Days; or, Hindoo Fairy Legends, current in Southern India." Collected from oral tradition by M. Frere. With an Introduction and Notes by Sir Bartle Frere. The Illustrations by C. F. Frere. Murray.

MANY of those of our countrymen who have spent years in India will be surprised to find that our old friends the fairies and goblins are as well known in Hindu nurseries as in our own. It is true that the names are different in the far East from those we give them, but their doings are much the same; and if we are to be devoured or frightened to death, it matters very little whether the horrid monster who is to slay us is called a goblin, or a *ghul*, as in Persia, or a *Rakshas*, which is the term in these pages for such fiendish apparitions. It must be owned, however, that if there be any difference in *morale* between the Indian supernatural beings and those duly recognised here, it is not in favour of the former. The *Rakshas* seems, upon the whole a more hopeless and unmitigated fiend than his western brethren. To the notorious bad qualities of Elunderbore and other gigantic cannibals he adds an excessive filthiness, which sinks him to the lowest depths in our estimation. Not content with chawing up all the live children, Princes and Princesses that he can meet with, he is moreover addicted to tearing the decaying flesh off the bodies of criminals pending from the gallows-tree, and swallowing it wholesale. He is,

further, exceedingly dirty in his person, and hence his finger-nails are so poisonous that a human being falls down lifeless if scratched by one of them. Female *Rakshases* present themselves as ugly old women, with long claws instead of hands, and with natural chignons of dreadfully tangled hair, which must on no account ever be combed, for excellent reasons to be found in these pages. Dirtier than the ogre, the *Rakshas* is less accommodating than the goblin, and would on no account thresh out the corn, or in any other way oblige the farmer, or any one else, like the lubber fiends of the West.

As a specimen of the tale, we will give an extract from the story of Surya Bai, or "the sun lady," who is the daughter of a milkwoman, and was carried off by eagles when an infant. She grows up in the eagle's nest, which is very comfortable bungalow indeed, at the top of a tall tree. The birds having gone a long journey to bring her a diamond ring, she just escapes being eaten by a *Rakshas*, is rescued by a Rajah, whom she marries, and is pushed into a well by his first wife. She is then changed into a sunflower, and next into a mango, and recovers her human shape, but has to grow up from infancy once again:

"Now it came to pass that once, when Surya Bai, was taking water from the well for the old Milkwoman, the Rajah rode by, and as he saw her walking along, he cried, 'That is my wife,' and rode after her as fast as possible. Surya Bai, hearing a great clatter of horses' hoofs, was frightened, and ran home as fast as possible, and hid herself; and when the Rajah reached the place there was only the old Milkwoman to be seen, standing at the door of her hut. Then the Rajah said to her, 'Give her up, old woman, you have no right to keep her, she is mine, she is mine!' But the old woman answered, 'Are you mad? I don't know what you mean.' The Rajah replied, 'Do not attempt to deceive me. I saw my wife go in at your door; she must be in the house.'—'Your wife?' screamed the old woman—"your wife? you mean my daughter, who lately returned from the well! Do you think I am going to give my child up at your command?' You are Rajah in your palace, but I am Rajah in my own house; and I won't give up my little daughter for any bidding of yours. Be off with you, or I'll pull out your beard.' And so saying she seized a long stick and attacked the Rajah, calling out loudly to the Rajah and sons, who came running to her aid. The Rajah, seeing matters were against him, and having outridden his attendants (and not being quite certain moreover whether he had seen Surya Bai, or whether she might not have been really the poor Milkwoman's daughter) rode off and returned to his palace. However, he determined to sift the matter. As a first step he went to see Surya Bai's old attendant, who was still in prison. From her he learnt enough to make him believe she was not only entirely innocent of Surya Bai's death, but gravely to suspect the first Ranee of having caused it. He, therefore, ordered the old woman to be set at liberty, —still keeping a watchful eye on her—and bade her prove her devotion to her long lost mistress by going to the old Milkwoman's house, and bringing him as much information as possible about the family, and more particularly about the girl he had seen returning from the well. So the attendant went to the Milkwoman's house, and made friends with her, and bought some milk, and afterwards she stayed and talked to her. After a few days the Milkwoman ceased to be suspicious of her, and became quite cordial. Surya Bai's attendant then told how she had been the late Ranee's waiting-woman, and how the Rajah had thrown her into prison on her mistress's death; in return for which intelligence the old Milkwoman imparted to her how the wonderful mango had tumbled into her can, as she slept under the tree; and how it had miraculously changed, in the course of an hour, into a beautiful little lady. 'I wonder why she should have chosen my poor house to live in, instead of any one else,' said the old woman. Then Surya Bai's attendant said, 'Have you ever asked her her history? Perhaps she would not mind telling it to you now.' So the Milkwoman called the girl, and as soon as the old attendant saw her, she knew it was none other than Surya Bai, and her heart jumped for joy; but she remained silent, wondering much, for she knew her mistress had been drowned in the tank. The old Milkwoman turned to Surya Bai, and said, 'My child, you have lived long with us, and been a good daughter to me, but I have never asked you your history, because I thought it must be a sad one; but if you do not fear to tell it to me now, I should like to hear it.' Surya Bai answered, 'Mother, you speak true; my story is sad. I believe my real mother was a poor Milkwoman like you, and that she took me with her one day when I was quite a little baby, as she was going to sell milk in the bazaar. But being tired with the long walk, she sat down to rest, and placed me also on the ground, when suddenly a great Eagle flew down and carried me away. But all the father and mother I ever knew were the two great Eagles.'—'Ah, my child! my child!' cried the Milkwoman, 'I was that poor woman, the Eagle flew away with my eldest girl when she was only a year old. Have I found you after these many years?' And she ran and called all her children, and her husband, to tell them the wonderful news. Then was there great rejoicing among them all. When they were a little calmer, her mother said to Surya Bai, 'Tell us, dear daughter, how your life has been spent since first we lost you.' And Surya Bai went on, 'The old Eagles took me away to their home, and there I live happily many years. They loved to bring me all the beautiful things they could find, and at last one day they both went to fetch me a diamond ring from the Red Sea; but while they were gone, the fire went out in the nest; so I went to an old woman's hut, and got her to give me some fire; and next day, I don't know how it was, as I was opening the outer door of the cage, a sharp thing, that was sticking in it, ran into my hand, and I fell down senseless. I don't know how long I lay there, but when I came to myself, I found the Eagles must have come back, and though me dead, and gone away, for the diamond ring was on my little finger; a great many people were watching over me, and among them was a Rajah, who asked me to go home with him and his wife; and he brought me to this place, and I was his Ranee. But his other wife, the first Ranee, hated me (for she was jealous), and desired to kill me; and one day she accomplished her purpose, by pushing me into the tank, for I was young and foolish, and disregarded the warnings of my faithful old attendant, who begged me not to go near the place. Ah! if I had only listened to her words, I might have been happy still.' At these words the old attendant, who had been sitting in the background, rushed forward and kissed Surya Bai's feet, crying, 'Ah, my lady! my lady! have I found you at last!' and, without staying to hear more, she ran back to the Palace to tell the Rajah the glad news. Then Surya Bai told her parents how she had not wholly died in the tank, but became a sunflower, and how the first Ranee, seeing how fond the Rajah was of the plant, had caused it to be thrown away; and then how she had risen from the ashes of the sunflower, in the form of a mango tree; and how when the tree blossomed all her spirit went into the little mango flower; and she ended by saying, 'And when the flower became fruit, I know not by what irresistible impulse I was induced to throw myself into your milk can. Mother, it was my destiny, and as soon as you took me into your house I began to recover my human form.'

Of course the Rajah soon finds Surya Bai, and "they live happily for the rest of their days."

THE lord lieutenant has given notice that the Oxford militia will assemble in Oxford on the 27th of April for 27 days' training and exercise, and that the men who have been enrolled since the commencement of the training of the regiment last year are to assemble at the same place for preliminary instruction for a period of fourteen days immediately preceding the above date.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

DURING the past week balls and dancing have been carried on with great spirit in Paris. It would be impossible, and besides monotonous, to enumerate all the large entertainments that have been given, for several take place nightly. In the official world, Mme. Troplong has given a dance, and never has it been my fate to meet so many pretty women congregated together as on that evening; the lovely Miles. Vinents, however (it was allowed on all sides), carried off the palm of beauty.

There was also a small reception at the Minister's of the Interior, at which Mmes. Dofus and Fernet, Viscountess Damecourt, and Baroness Jérôme Dunel were much admired.

There was a very crowded ball at the Hôtel de Ville on Thursday; it was the fifth of the season. As five thousand invitations were sent out, and but very few refusals, the crush was positively painful; at two o'clock only did there seem to be breathing room, and from that hour dancing was kept up with spirit until after five. Supper is an impossibility at the Hôtel de Ville, unless you make up your mind to a struggle which few ladies would dare to encounter. There is a rush made by the stronger sex towards the room directly the doors are open, and as for ladies getting in, there is no chance; they have to make up their minds to go supperless. The rooms were splendidly decorated with camellias and exotics.

The toilettes, as usual, were very beautiful. Viscountess Pernetty (Baron Haussman's youngest daughter) wore a cerise silk dress covered with rich bounces of point d'Angleterre; her sister, Mme. Camille Dofus, was in white satin, very tastefully trimmed with flowers. Princess Metternich, in white tulle, with a Louis XVI. coat in maroon satin over it, and magnificent diamond and ruby ornaments.

Mme. Leopold Magnan wore a pink tulle dress bouillonné to the waist, the tunic vandyed round the edge, trimmed with pompon roses, a garland of pompon roses round the bodice and a Watteau wreath for head-dress.

Mile. Hamil was in white tulle, without an ornament of any description; her magnificent black hair raised from her temples in wavy rouleaux, and falling in long curls down her back below her waist.

Mme. Canrobert (née Macgregor) wore white tulle, with a white satin tunic, and diamonds in her hair. Miles. Beckwith in pink tulle; the bouillonné on the skirt were separated by narrow cross-cut bands of satin; pink satin bodices with basques, and pink satin sash above the basques.

Mme. Feydeau appeared in a yellow tulle dress, with a most original headdress. It consisted of a tulle scarf, which was mixed among the loops of hair, both tulle and hair standing upright on the summit of her head, very much in the style in which Leonard, the celebrated hairdresser of Marie Antoinette's time, was wont to arrange the Court coiffures. The ends of the scarf fell almost to the centre of the back of the skirt. I remarked a great many black toilettes at the Hôtel de Ville. The prettiest and most effective were those worn by Mmes. Alexandre E. and Mme. Lab. The former toilette consisted of a striped black and white train; the over skirt and low bodice were of black satin cut in one piece, and ornamented with diamonds, raised from the bodice. The second toilette had an under skirt of cerise silk, the black silk upper skirt being looped up à la Pompadour, with large agrafes of cerise flowers.

A very pretty Englishwoman, Mrs. R., wore an exceedingly novel toilette. It was maize tulle bouillonné, and a tunic of the same looped up to form paniers, and fastened by bouquets of Parma violets and white narcissi. A bouquet at the side of the bodice was composed of similar flowers.

On Saturday there was an evening party at the Corps Législatif. It was not a very enjoyable one, for the rooms were insufficiently heated, and it is impossible to feel in good spirits when you are shivering. Mme. Henri Schneider, dressed in white and literally covered with diamonds, helped her mother-in-law to do the honours of the evening. But it was a dreary affair; and, notwithstanding the magnificent rooms and really splendid toilettes, everyone looked bored.

There have been likewise balls at the embassies. General Dix, the American Minister, is very popular by reason of his cordial, pleasant manners; and Mrs. Dix's salons are always certain to be crowded. The suppers are served on the most hospitable scale. Great regret is felt that the beautiful daughter of the house is likely soon to be taken to a home of her own across the Atlantic, for she assists her mother in no small way in rendering these assemblies most popular.

There has also been a ball at the Spanish Embassy. Mme. de Talleyrand de Perigord wore on the occasion a pearl gray satin toilette; the bouillonné were studded with silver stars, and the bodice trimmed with exquisite rubies and diamonds; similar ornaments in the hair.

Mme. Bataillon made two very exquisite toilettes for this same ball. The first, which was for the Princess D., was pale blue tulle, bouillonné, and with two Marie Antoinette bounces in blue satin bordering the skirt. The blue satin tunic opened in front like a manteau de cour, and was turned back with revers lined with white satin, and reaching to the waist. These revers were fastened back their entire length with large cameo buttons placed at somewhat long intervals from each other. The bodice was cut in a point both at the back and front. Round the top there was a band of white satin, and the sash was also white satin.

The second was white tulle, striped with silver, and the bouillonné were arranged the crossway of the material, which makes them much fuller than when they are straight.

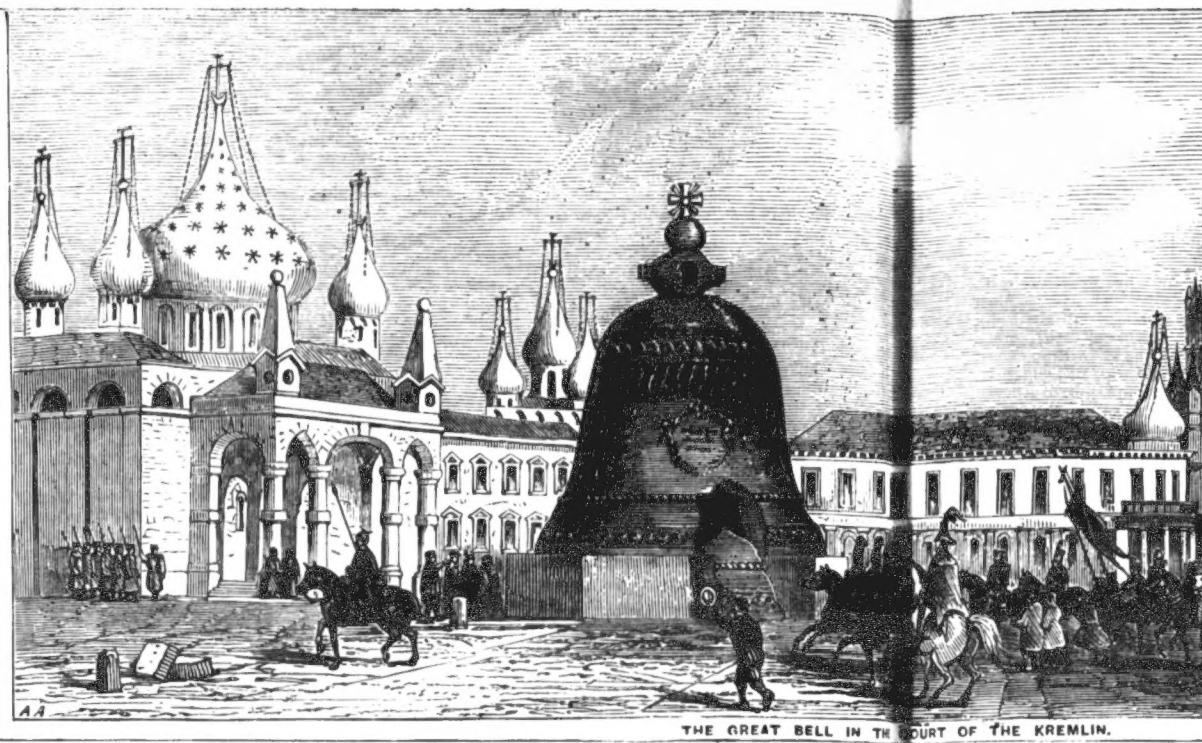
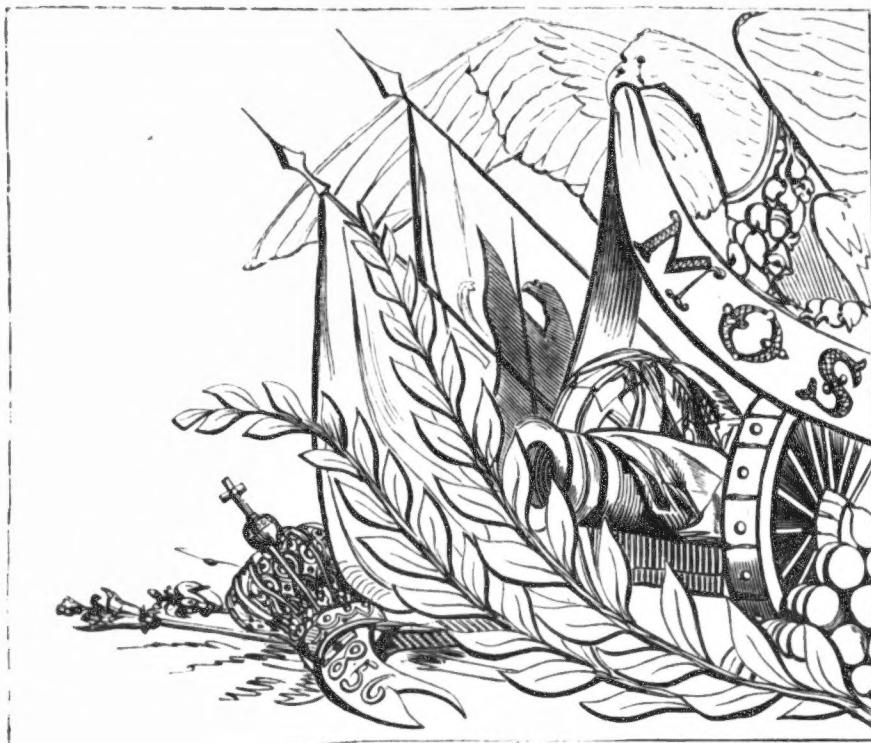
The Italiens has been crowded of late. Patti is about to leave us, and everyone wishes to see and hear our favourite prima donna before her departure. On Saturday last Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," was played. The audience were for the most part in ball dresses, as on leaving the Opera House the greatest number where intending to put in an appearance at some of the numerous receptions given that evening.

At the last representation of "La Traviata" Patti won every heart, if we might judge by the large number of flowers cast at her feet. Her toilettes were very pretty. In the first act she wore a white tulle skirt with a pale blue silk tunic over it; the tunic described large scollops, and was bordered with a band, embroidered in a Persian pattern, with silks of varied hues. This tunic was looped up at the side with a large bow of ruby velvet; at the back of the waist there was an enormous bow of ruby velvet, and on the shoulders a small one. The berthe was bordered with Persian embroidery.

For the second act her toilette was a very simple one—a pink grenadine dress covered with a white Algerian material; open bodice and long sleeves. The third toilette was white tulle, the first skirt bouillonné, the second skirt fringed with gold, and the third skirt striped with gold. A spray of foliage ornamented the front of the skirt, and appeared to fasten down an agrafe of red and white roses at the side. Red and white roses were fastened at the left side of the bodice, and similar flowers in the hair.

The toilette à paniers has been adopted for afternoon outdoor wear by a few of the leaders of fashion, but I shall not be able to give your readers much reliable information as to whether these debatable paniers will be universally or only partly adopted, until spring has fairly commenced.—Queen.

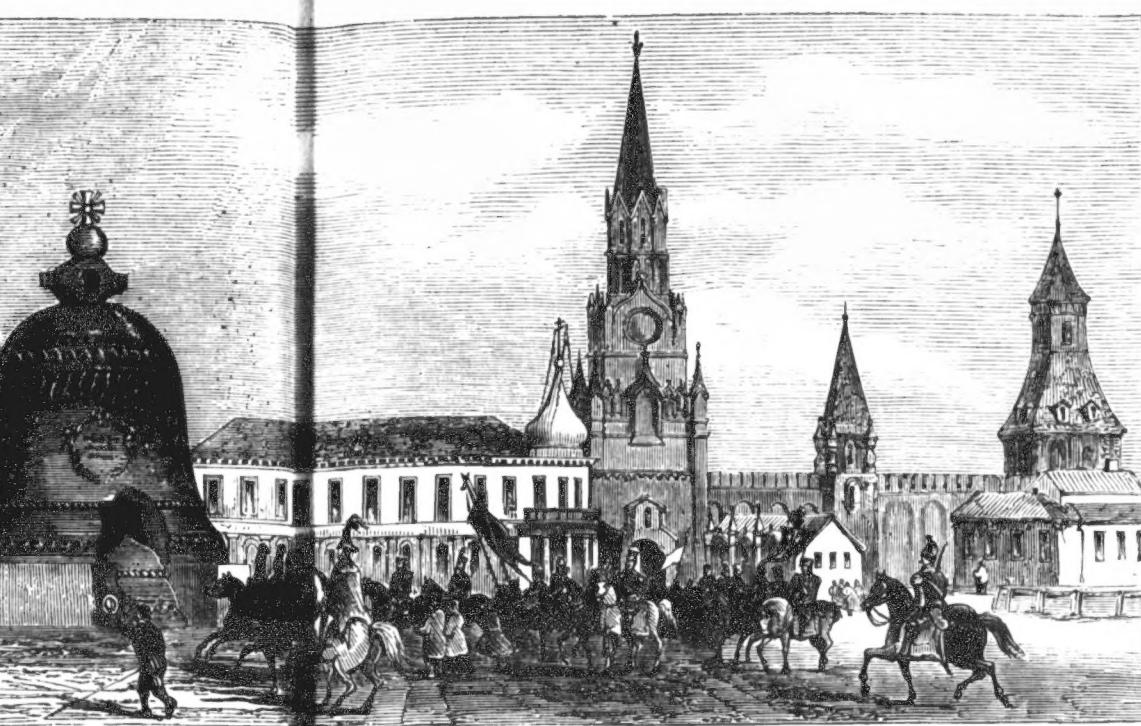
THIRTY-ONE years ago, a contemporary relates, the young Benjamin Disraeli, when asked by Lord Melbourne, upon his introduction to that nobleman, what position he expected to achieve, replied that he meant to be Prime Minister of England.



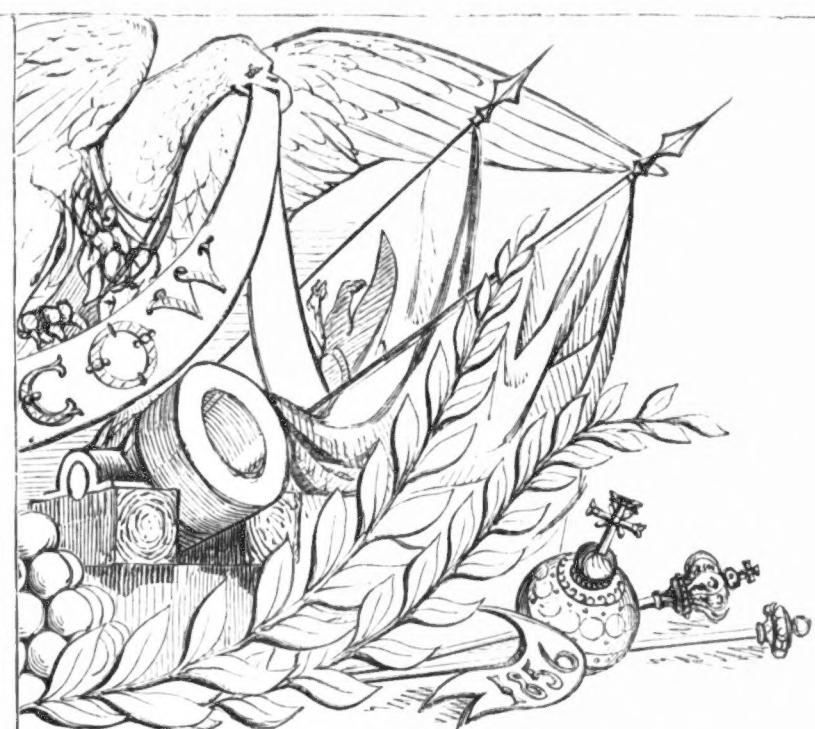
THE GREAT BELL IN THE COURT OF THE KREMLIN.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW.



THE GREAT BELL IN THE COURT OF THE KREMLIN.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW

The Paddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XIV.

TIMES, SCENES, AND PEOPLE CHANGE.

GEORGE the gentleman, by the grace of the Act of Settlements King of England, Pavilionburg, and Virginia Water, Defender of the Faith—in curly brown wig, fur collar, and white kid pantaloons—slept with his progenitors, George the bad-oyster-eater, George the Hogarth-hater, and George the madman; and another king reigned in his stead who knew not *Perdita*, and refused to believe in the "Lass of Richmond Hill." William the Radical—the good, though slightly "cracked" sovereign—was King of England; and the year of grace was eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

Now, in those days there was a great city of ships on the river Mersey, in England—a city which was vast and astonishing to look upon then, but which has grown inconceivably vaster and more astonishing in our day. Once a marshy pool, the resort of that now fabulously wild-fowl the Liver, which stalked about on its attenuated legs in places where now are Custom House long-rooms and Exchange flags, where merchants, shipowners, and cotton-brokers meet and chaffer over their money bargains;—once an inconsiderable seaport, muddy and fishy, and to the "running" of contraband cognac and surreptitious silk goods much addicted;—then enriching and enlarging itself by a grim perseverance in not the most reputable branches of commerce and industry in the world, such as crimping, kidnapping, and especially slave-trading;—then a huge emporium of trade, famous among maritime cities, but unrepresented in Parliament, and in the municipal scale weighing not half so much as some mouldy little cathedral town in an agricultural county, with the grass growing in its High Street, and an enlightened constituency of sartorial and satorial pot-wallopers, not half so much, perhaps, as Grampound's dilapidated hotel, or Old Sarum's ruined walls;—and then at last Liverpool, twenty years since, as now, Empress of Marts, sending forth galleons and caravels, bi-remes and tri-remes, to the uttermost ends of the earth—with its Tyre on the Lancashire, and its Sidon on the Cheshire coast; with its acres of docks, its miles of ships, ships, ships, and still more ships; its bursting bonding warehouses, its gabbling 'Change, its narrow lanes, choked up with men feverishly, breathlessly, pursuing Mammon; its overflowing shops; its merchant-palaces, crime-and-wretchedness-breathing cellars; foundries, ship-yards, taverns, gaols, wealth, squallor, magnificence, and dirt.

In those days Liverpool had a Sister (who lives and flourishes greatly to this day), called Manchester, living some five-and-twenty miles off. This sister being as comely, and famous, and prosperous as she; and the commencement of her splendour having been nearly coeval with her own, it was not unnatural that she should hate her heartily; a thing which occurs sometimes among brothers and sisters, made of quite other materials than bricks and mortar. She contemptuously called her sister's sons "Manchester men," while her own offspring she denominated "Liverpool gentlemen." Her sister was not slow to retort. Liverpool having spoken slightly of Salford, Manchester abused Birkenhead, (both sisters agreed in denouncing Warrington). Liverpool said Manchester was grimy with smoke, and disfigured with cotton fluff. Manchester said that Liverpool reeked with the odour of tar and hemp, and that the blood of enslaved niggers cried for vengeance from beneath the very pedestal of Huskisson's statue. In truth, the sisters were as reciprocally rude as the celebrated Saucepan was to the Kettle of proverbial philosophy:—not Tupper's.

Their rivalry was meteorological, too. Manchester glories in having more rainy, and more dreadfully rainy, days than any other town under the sign of Aquarius. Forthwith Liverpool enlisted under the united banners of Leo and Scorpio; and while her sister drenched you with rain, she baked or broiled you with fierce sunshine.

One certain July afternoon in the year 1835, it being of course a day of drenching rain in the city of chimneys, it was a glaringly, frizzilingly hot one in the City of Ships. The vessels' sides themselves wept tears of tar; and the masts, coming in contact with Sol's red-hot-poker-like rays, burnt their taper fingers and had blisters of paint on their knuckles. The mutton-pies, facetiously supposed (under the disguise of cats and dogs) to be falling in Manchester, might have been baked to a turn on the broad quay flags of Liverpool. The nigger cooks on board the ships on the Mersey basked in the hot sun, and joyously fried themselves in it. Malays, Cingalese, and Lascars were so comfortably warm as only to have about half-a-dozen shivering fits per diem. Men worth a hundred thousand pounds walked the streets with their hats in their hands, till overcome with thirst, they slid into cool oyster-cellars for iced ginger-beer and "shandy-gaff," and found their own clerks assuaging their drought with cider and bitter ale. They could not be angry with their subordinates, these stern merchants and shipping-brokers; for were they not to the full as thirsty as themselves? The very dogs had hallucinations; and in every twinkle of their blood-shot eyes, and oscillation of their hot, protruding, desiccated tongues, looked strait-waistcoats and padded rooms. The crossing-sweepers cast their brooms aside, and took to gambling for battered coppers in shady nooks. The Mayor's servants regretted for once the splendour of their scarlet waistcoats—those vestments made them feel so hot; forlorn beggars rejoiced for once that they had no waistcoats at all, and no shirts either, or pantaloons to speak of—the want of these garments made them feel so cool. Vendors of frigid beverages, salad, and shell-fish were likewise jubilant; but eating-house keepers, who had cooked large joints of meat and found none hungry, not even the destitute, cursed in dark pantries. Every body felt very hot, lazy, thirsty, and strongly disposed to concur in Sydney Smith's desire to take off one's flesh, and sit in one's bones. Yes; it was a giorno *caldissimo*—a roaster.

Senor Juan Harispe y Crimpo y Malovo, whose high-sounding patronymics were by the time-saving Liverpudlians abbreviated into "Old Harispe," was of opinion that the day was exceedingly hot, as, without coat, waistcoat, or shoes, he sat in a rush-bottomed chair in front of his own house, in Liverpool, with a fragrant cigar of considerable length in his mouth, and a Panama straw hat of enormous diameter on his head, reading the last false news of the Christian and Carlist squabbles from a ragged old Spanish *Epoca Clamor*, of some sort, and over and anon turning in the rush-bottomed chair to scream out some directions in Iberio-Saxon to an old woman, who might have been despatched through the open door slaving in a hot kitchen on the ground-floor, and at the back of the house, which looked like an interior by Gerard Douw.

If Senor Harispe were of the old Castilian blood—the blue blood—that blood being of the blueness of cheese—I am inclined to think that there was some of the real Stilton combined therewith. The Senor looked not unlike a huge human maggot, being sallow as to custom and complexion, and having an unpleasant habit of wriggling as he sat, and of crawling as he walked. He was bald, too, although that was immaterial, as he seldom removed the Panama straw hat; but as he also wore spectacles, and maggots do not generally affect those aids to vision, or straw hats, or, indeed, cigars or newspapers, I will abandon the animalcula simile, and say that the Senor was a very diminutive shrunken man, almost a dwarf, rather crooked, very short-sighted, with a shrill voice and a very vicious disposition.

The Senor was, it was bruited about, a very rich man; yet his mansion was situate in one of the worst and most hideous little streets in Liverpool; though again, hideous as it was, it was hard by the head-quarters of Liverpool wealth and luxury, and rents were prodigious in its limits. In this unpleasant neighbourhood was a street, the chosen residence of the sons and daughters of Erin, who "waked" their dead as loudly as though they wished to wake all the dead that had died since the Deluge, who broke each other's heads periodically in contentions concerning the Pope of Rome and the glorious pious, and immortal memory of one William, a Dutchman, connected long since with the orange-market, and whose porcine friends and rent-payers were not always content to dwell in the parlours, but wandered about the neighbourhood, and, like most amateurs, prevented the dogs from earning an honest livelihood.

He lay there, just across the door, enjoying the blazing sun, quiescent, placid, contented, a very lotus-eater, or Oriental sunk in trance of *theriarki* or *haschish*. He was enjoying his "kef," as the Arabs would say. His small eyes were not entirely closed: they indulged in a lazy wink from time to time—a peep at the beneficent luminary which pleased him so much. He lay on his side, his short legs stretched out, a demure smile wrinkling his wide mouth, and that which was behind him gently agitated, but only for a moment, ever and anon. He lay there—this sluggish, epicurean, honest fellow for a *PIG*—right behind the Senor's rush-bottomed chair, and as he did, he enjoyed himself thoroughly till the Senor, spying him, was rude enough to administer unto him a sounding kick, moved by which reminder, he stood upon his four short legs, wagged his curly tail in mien and gentle remonstrance, and with a series of short squeaks in his well-known falsetto, betook himself to more hospitable regions; and on Phelim O'Dolan's door-step, with a saucepan-lid for his pillow, and Phelim's youngest son but one as his bed-fellow, soundly and tranquilly slept till sundown.

"Margaret, Margaret!" the diminutive Senor cried, rushing into his house in a fury. "Dog-pork of she, yourself! Vat of this must you these Irish beesties of pig still here to drive me mad allow? And why? De dinner he not ready yet, and five hour by San Nicolas he strike already gone. Soon come the Senori and

indulged in, not once a week, but rather once a day, if not ten times during the twenty-four hours. His rages began with an infuriated gobble, like unto that of a turkey with an indignant apprehension of Christmas and Leadenhall Market in his mind, and usually ended with a prolonged scream. I will not fatigue you with a short-hand report of the Senor's style of eloquence, couched as it was in a well-nigh incomprehensible jargon of mixed Spanish and English. Suffice it to say, that he constantly showered on his cook, "Margrat," or Margaret, the most powerfully-perfumed, if not the choicest, flowers of rhetoric; and that the epithets he selected therewith to qualify the estimate he expressed of that domestic's character, were mainly of a zoological character. On the present occasion, he was fast approaching the prolonged scream which was the customary climax to his agreeable ebullitions of temper, when a young person came through a doorway, and, laying her hand on his, said, in a soft tone, and, seemingly, not in the least afraid of the redoubtable Senor:

"Uncle of mine, what vexes thee?"

You have seen an angry child, its face all smirched with passionate tears, its cheeks flushed, hair flustered, eyes swollen, little hands clenched; and, lo! instantaneously, at the sight of a glorious picture-book (one penny plain, twopence coloured), or at a droll grimace made by one of the chosen clowns and self-appointed jesters to the young, the child will forbear to cry, will clinch its tiny palms, raise its vexed lids, beam out joy, and smile of Angels. You have seen, through the murkiest cloud, a ray of the sudden sun come in jolly triumph, and dig its golden fingers into the ribs of the storm, laughing its ill-humour away. You may imagine such a look as Napoleon the Great, one day in 1813, sunk in black reverie of ruin and despair, might have cast, as, turning his eyes from some despatch fraught with news of defeat, they lighted on the little King of Rome, nestling on the pillow by his side, his golden hair flowing over the velvet pillow, his little fingers entwined in his father's sword-knot, and smiling in his sleep. So Juan Manuel Harispe, screaming with rage, forbore to scream any longer, and was mollified and appeased, looking quite as benignant as his dwarfish stature and exceeding ugliness would permit him, when the young person I have mentioned came out of the doorway, and laid her hand on his.



GERVASE FALCON MEETS THE BEAUTY WHILE FISHING.

Senoriti, and you have yet the soup to adjust. Eh, doggesse, dollo!"

Senor Harispe's English was fluent; indeed, he had resided fifteen years in England and in Liverpool; but it was peculiar, and its syntax was defective.

"Shure then, Misher Harispe," replied the lady so ungallantly apostrophised as a "doggesse," "an' it's all the haste in the wurdol I'm makin', an' all to plaze ye; an' it's little harrum the p'hoor dum crature of p'igs and things can do, takin' jest a' his porth of slape on a Christian door-step. Isn't it slape ye always take in the midhat o' the day, yerself, Misher Harispe? Though its little of a Christian ye is, ye ould wrinkled stony of a furze shuto," she remarked, confidentially, to a saucepan; "ye aight to be shown about for a penny, loike the pig-faced lady an' the gyrrl with two heads, ye old mermaid."

Not particularly troubling herself about the propriety of applying such an epithet as "mermaid" to her master, Margaret the cook turned her back in dudgeon, plunged into a grove of copper kitchen-utensils, enveloped herself in savoury fumes, in which garlic predominated; and to further obtrusions made no reply.

Juan Manuel Harispe was the proprietor of a Fonda Espanol, a Spanish hotel and restaurant—dirty, dear, and prosperous—and had kept it in the same street in the same town of Liverpool for ten years. He had come to the City of Ships, steward of a schooner from Cadiz, laden with oranges and almonds. He had commenced with a very small, nay, almost invisible capital; but was now reputed to be exceedingly wealthy. He was not very popular among his English neighbours, because, he was a Papist; among his Irish neighbours, because, although enjoying a communion of religious creed with them, he was stingy, morose, abhorred whisky, and was a sworn foe to pigs; among any class at all, in fact, for that he was, as I have hinted, vicious, and that there was a peculiar appearance of hardware about his eyes, when he was moved—a Sheffield cutlery appearance—a "kuify" appearance, in short.

To Juan Manuel Harispe's Fonda came captains, chief mates, and supercargoes of foreign ships; Spanish merchants of the middle class; Spanish exiles when they had any money—for poor exiles were the Senor's great aversion; and he always took care to inform them where the best English hotels were to be found. He was unmarried—though he lived not quite alone—was avaricious, bigoted, repulsive, and insolent; and was almost continually smoking in his Panama hat and his shirt-sleeves.

A rage being a luxury that cost nothing, was by the Senor

She who had exercised so sudden and salutary an influence on the temper of the proprietor of the "Fonda Fulgencia," as Senor Harispe's establishment was designated, was but a slight, fragile, mite of a thing—a young girl, who had possibly numbered sixteen summers, but who had certainly never known an inkling of the winters thereof.

She was adorably pretty, this young person; and I want similes to give you a just idea of her prettiness. I was myself once over the crown of my head with a young lady who took it into her pretty, capricious head to fall in love, not with the undersigned, but with a friend he has, and has still—one of the handsomest, merriest, kindest, worthiest young fellows of a family, all as handsome, merry, kind and worthy as he, and some of them wise. She was always telling me how handsome my friend was—you may imagine how I winced;—he was like "wax-work," she said; and as I felt I did not resemble any "works" to speak of save perhaps, boneworks, or occasionally fire-works, it was but with a ruseful relish that Orestes listened to these perpetual panegyrics on his friend Pyrades. I could not help wishing, sometimes, that he were not quite so handsome, aware as I was that his admiration for him might lead her to compare it with the personal charms of another, and conscious as I was of the odious nature of comparisons in general. But the "wax-work" shall stand me in stead for a simile, now. She—not my she, but that other she—was very like one of those coquettish-looking Mexican figures which Madame Montanari modelled in wax, attired with such picturesque elegance, and exhibited in the great glass-house of fifty-one. A very dark brunette, but with more of the clear olive, and less of the dusky coppery hue of the plastic lady's Indian heroines. But the same lithe, slim, symmetrical limbs; the same blue-black, silky hair, gorgeous in its length and luxuriance; the same ripe rosy lips shaped—oh, the trite but true image!—like Cupid's bow; the same dark-pencilled eyes—the brown rainbows of the night, the eyelashes' silken curtains veiling alcoves of lustrous pupils, sable, but full of light and mirroring depths, as are the pools of ink which the Magicians of Grand Cairo pour into the palms of neophytes for them to see strange sights within; the same gleaming white, semi-transparent teeth—ivory stockades before a fortalice of rubies; the same sharply-cut, resentful nostrils; the same mellow bloom on the cheek, like that on a Catharine pear, "the side that next the sun;" the same suppleness of limb, tigress-like, say rather jaguar-like; the velvet softness and seeming meekness combined with the swiftness and the fierceness when roused to spring, to leap upon, to rend and to destroy. Then

a dress easy, graceful, flowing—a dress which she wore only because she knew people must wear dresses. She carried it with impatience as did Musidore, and would have dispensed with it as readily, had there been a leafy forest and a limpid pool at hand. She would much rather have been *Sara la Baigneuse*, swinging in her hammock, the lazy thing, the whole harvest-day. In her costume, there was a dainty mixture of the English and the Spanish elements:—the muslin robe of a Lancashire witch, and the high comb and lace mantilla of a maiden of Seville; then there was a dimpled hand whose little fingers seemed longing for a fan; but in these commonplace, unpicturesque latitudes contented themselves at most seasons with some needle-work in coloured worsted; sometimes with a book. Then a tiny foot shod in the nattiest, neatest of bronze kid slippers. Diogenes, the cynic, would have crawled forthwith from his tub, and kissed those little slippers; he could not have help himself, the rogue! And then, finally, in every movement, gestures, glance of eye and smile of lip; a burning reminiscence of the South—its sun, its orange groves, its vineyards, its blue skies, and its sparkling fountains.

All this was not the heiress of the Duke of Lerma, the daughter of the Duke of Medina-Celi. This was not an Infanta. Only little Manuelita, the niece of old Harispe, the eating-house keeper, and herself only a dancer at twenty-five shillings a week salary at the Apollo-Bolvilere Concert Hall, Paradise-street, Liverpool.

Her dwarfish uncle certainly loved her—certainly doted upon her, certainly idolised her more than any thing, except the money he cozened his guests out of, and which he hid (he mistrusted banks, and mortgages, and all other investments) in rags, old stockings, corners, and in boxes under beds. But he let his Manuelita dance for a salary of five-and-twenty shillings per week, nevertheless. You see money is money; and five-and-twenty shillings are a silver crown more than a golden pound. She was an orphan; father and mother both dead; and he had brought her with him mere babe when he first came to England. Early she had manifested great talent for dancing; and Harispe had absolutely gone to the length of paying money of the coinage of the realm to have her instructed in *pirouettes* and *entrelacs*, first by Mr. Blaber, who taught the Poles, and Lancers, and the College Hornpipe, in addition to that gentle dance known as the Lancashire Clog-dance, all for twelve and sixpence a quarter. But the little girl manifesting a decided leaning to the choreographic art as developed on the boards of *Thespis*, her uncle, after a dreadful internal struggle, so far enacted the part of a generous *Cresus*, as to pay a premium of twenty pounds to Madame Hypolite, ballet-mistress of the Liverpool Theatre Royal, and she was for the space of three years one of that *ci-devant première danseuse*, but somewhat wrinkled Terpsichore's multitudinous artful pupils. The little Manuelita played seraphs and sprites, zephyrs and wilis, peris and houris. She was once (a great Italian lyrical star condescending to visit Liverpool) promoted to play one of the two children of the ill-used Norma (how often have I seen those children knock-kneed and without pocket-handkerchiefs!); and had not her pronunciation of the English tongue, fluent and correct as was her knowledge of the language, been marked by a strong, though very pretty, Spanish accent, she would have been selected to play the part of Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Madame Hypolite predicted a great career for her. She offered to produce—to *lancer* her—as she phrased it, at Manchester, at the King's Theatre in London, at the great Académie Italoyale of Paris itself. She would be a Taglioni, an Elsler—stars just then unrivalled in the choreographic firmament. Manuel Harispe was nothing loth to see his Manuelita glorified, and himself enriched; but among the idiosyncrasies of the billet-mistress was one for binding her pupils to her by stringent agreements, making them work like cart-horses, and drawing their salavics. She is Bohemianising about Europe even now, is Madame Hypolite, a more wrinkled Terpsichore than ever. I think the last time I came across her was at Copenhagen, where she had the seventy-four Moldo-Wallachian children whom she had taught to dance like syrups, but whom she beat, and starved a little—people said.

So Manuelita, her articles being at an end, began to dance on her own account; and Mr. de Joskins, manager of the Royal Apollo-Bolvilere Concert Hall, being then in want of a *prima ballerina* to dance between the acts of his heterogeneous entertainment (which comprised comic and romantic singing, humourous recitations, running in sacks, sacred music, sparring with the gloves, conjuring, ventriloquism, tumbling, dancing and pyrotechnics), offered her the munificent terms of five-and-twenty shillings per week salary, which at the instance of her uncle she accepted, and the Concert Hall being close by the "Fonda Fulgencia," tripped gaily to Mr. de Joskins's dazzling realms of splendour every night—save Sunday—at eight, and danced there on her ten toes till eleven. At first, Senor Harispe used jealousy to accompany her to and from the Hall; waiting behind the scenes as she danced, and till she had finished; but finding that Mr. de Joskins allowed no smoking in his *coulisses*; that if he went in front, even with an order, he was expected to partake of some refreshment, which cost money; and being besides fully persuaded of how good a little girl his Manuelita was, he allowed her to go to and from Paradise Street, under the convoy either of Margaret, or of Ogon Alleon, his Spanish one-eyed head waiter.

Manuelita waited with a pretty patience till her uncle's scream died away into an inarticulate murmur, and said again, and as softly, in Spanish:—

"And what vexeth, what aileth thee, uncle of mine?"

"That brute boor, that kitchen woman, to whom the saint send chillblains, lets greasy Jews of pigs congregate even on my door-step," replied Harispe, removing the Panama hat for a moment to wipe his bald head. "And thou knowest my bird, my angel's pinion feather, that the people will be here soon to dinner. And that boldam bag of Morocco is late as usual. Wasting the precious oil and butter, and gravy, too, I will be bound, as though they were water. The unburnt sorceress!"

It was one of the great woes and agonies of Manuel Harispe's life, that, though he charged them round sums for their board and lodging, he was obliged to give his guests anything to eat at all. To see them eat precious meat, drink up costly soups and sauces, and call for wine to pour down their unsatiable throats, caused him inexpressible unhappiness. He only recovered his equanimity when, retiring to a little private den of his own, smelling very powerfully of bees-wax, garlic, and salad oil, he visited the glutinous delinquencies of his guests by heavy additions to their bills."

"To say nothing, little niece of nicees," he continued, replacing the Panama straw hat, "that thou, thy dear self, must already be hungry, and waiting for thy dinner."

"Siy rather," Manuelita interposed, smiling, "that thou hast smelt the puchero, and art hungering for it. I am not so hungry—I," she added, half aside, and with half a sigh.

The sigh seemed involuntary, for, blushing, she hung down her head. Why should she blush or sigh—and why wasn't she hungry at dinner-time, this little Manuelita?

They called her the "Little Spanish Wonder" at the Apollo-Bolvilere Concert Hall—sometimes the "Star of Spain." She drew large sums of money, not for her own, but for Mr. de Joskin's benefit. She had scores of admirers; scores of *billet-doux* were slipped into her hand or laid on her dressing-room table, or left for her at the stage-door, or given to her by too willing emissaries. But she turned a deaf ear to all her admirers, and burnt all the *billet-doux*. All? Well, perhaps she kept one, just for fun, which that grand gentleman sent her—that great dandy in the *beautiful* coat with the black velvet collar, and the satin stock with the real diamond in it, and the red velvet waistcoat, the gold chain, the eyeglass, the little shiny boots, and especially the *beautiful* moustaches, who came over from Manchester to see Mr.

de Joskins, and treated him to champagne, and was so affable and kind, and such a real gentleman. She knew his name too; she had seen it in a red book called an "Army List," at the circulating library. He was a real captain of soldiers—a captain of Hussars. There it was. "Twenty-First Hussars: Colonel—General Lord Poguesburg, G.C.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel—Snape; Majors—Wiggin and Tealotson; Captains"—ah! now she came to it—"Captains—Machoof"—no, that wasn't it—"Sir Tony Lumpkin"—no—"Lord Charles Chiffinch"—no! ah! here he was—"Captain Charles Rook Delahawk FALCON." Mr. de Joskins said that he hadn't much money, but that he was the nephew of the great Lord Baddington, and that he would be a lord himself some day, for that his Lordship was getting very old and feeble now. "He was a wild spark, too, the Captain," Mr. de Joskins observed. What could a wild spark be? Was Tom Tippercorn, the clown, who drunk too much, and beat his wife, a wild spark? Was Mr. Rosinupp, the leader of the band, when he ran away without paying his rent—was that wild sparkishness? Charles—Captain Falcon, she meant—could never be a wild spark; he was such a nice gentleman, had such soft hand, such a sweet smile. He was with his beautiful regiment of horse-soldiers in barracks at Manchester, and came over in his own dog-cart on purpose to see Mr. de Joskins; wasn't that kind of him? He was very young—only twenty-four; and his father, Mr. de Joskins told her, was a grand London gentleman, but he died very suddenly while Charles—Captain Falcon, she meant—was with his regiment at Canterbury. It had all been in the papers, the manager said, and some people had said that the old boy—that was old Mr. Falcon, she presumed—had destroyed himself. But nobody believed that, of course. Poor fellow, to lose his father so early and so suddenly! But he had a mother and sister alive—she was glad to hear that. Was she glad to hear that? Finally, Mr. de Joskins bade her "play her cards well, and she might make a good thing of it." What was playing her cards well? and what good thing could she make of it by so playing them? She kept Charles's—Captain Falcon's—not just for fun; but she refused to accept the emerald ring he tried to force upon her; and she threatened to box his ears if he attempted to kiss her again. She did not box his ears that night, however; and he drove back to Manchester in his own dog-cart, with a peculiar smile of triumph in his countenance.

CHAPTER XV.

HUMOURS OF PROFESSOR JACHIMO.

"How now, Don No-Whiskerando, thou bald-faced Spanish stag! How goes it with thee, smooth pate? What thy feelings, thou decadent rind of a mildewed Seville orange? And how are you to-morrow, my poppet?"

These were the words sung out rather than spoken, in a loud and confident tone; and, if truth must be spoken, in an impudent tone likewise, by a big man who became suddenly apparent opposite the Fonda Fulgencia—(he had come round the adjacent narrow street-corner)—and crossing the road unceremoniously, being one of those aggressively swaggering and pavement-usuring individuals for whom no thoroughfare—not even the Nevskoi Perspective—seems wide enough, and who may be said, like the late Lord Sandwich, to walk on both sides of the street at once, this same portentous appearance eclipsed Senor Harispe and his niece to boot with his big blue shadow.

"Saints in heaven who sing!" the landlord of the Fulgencia exclaimed; "it is the Senor Professor. Senor Professor, you are as welcome as—as the dinner you will be of having on this instant of time. Saints in heaven!" the little man continued, but to himself, "how gladly would I burn candles to the whole calendar, Saint Nicholas and all, if the Professor were in heaven, or somewhere else."

The person to whom the title of Professor had been given was a bale, tall man, of an indefinable age, but seemingly under forty. His face was bronzed by long and fierce exposure to the sun. He was quite beardless, while his black hair, being closely cropped to his head in the manner affected in those days by the French citizens ill-affected to the Government of the citizen-king Louis Philippe, and called *la mecontente*, and furthermore, his eyes being well nigh as small as those of the quadruped who paid Mr. Phelim O'Doolan's rent and slept in his parlour, their facial grace gave him a rather Tartar-mandarin, and very much of a sinister expression of countenance. He had large coarse hands with creases on the knuckles, and the joints of which seemed to be particularly supple; the thumbs especially were broad, squat, unsightly, yet pliant and elastic-looking.

The Professor's attire was of the most ornate description: an olive-brown surtout covered with frogs and braidings, and cuffed and faced with a profusion of velvet; a green watered-silk waistcoat, across whose depths meandered golden cable rather than a watch-chain; a deep stock of brocaded satin of many colours—a very Joseph's coat cut up for a neckerchief—in the midst of which was stuck an enormous brooch, which may possibly have been paste, but which glittered like the bravest of diamonds; snowy white-duck trousers, with a stripe of golden braid down the outside seam; jean boots with tiny varnished tips; a white hat with a black band—wore more, to judge from the sparkling appearance of the remainder of the Professor's costume, for the sake of ornamental contrast than as a symbol of recent domestic affliction; a gauzy cream-coloured wrapper over the olive-brown surtout—not to keep the professor warm, for of the heat of the day you have been told, but to keep the Professor free from dust; the most flaming of yellow silk pocket-handkerchiefs; sparkling rings almost every finger of those coarse hands; and a Malacca cane with a prodigious gold knob on the top, and two long silken tassels; this carried in one hand, and a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves in the other, thus splendidly and triumphantly "completed the costume"—to adopt the time-honoured locution—of this astounding Professor. It was not a military costume, a naval an ecclesiastical, a Spanish, not even exactly a theatrical costume; but it was a very wonderful whole to look at—a *melange* of the riding-master, the lover in pantomime, the Frenchman in a farce, a quack doctor, and a member of the swell mob—a kind of gauntlet thrown down to all the tailors of the universe, from the renowned Poole, head of the House of Burlington, to the Sartor-nonsartus of H.M. the King of the Cannibal Islands, with this defiance, "Match it if you can!"

When little Manuelita saw this splendid being, the curious observer might have noticed that she shrank back, and caught hold of her uncle's arm as she drew him into the doorway; that she made him retreat quite precipitately into the long, low, unsavoury apartment where the *table d'hôte* of the fonda was held; and that, as she encountered the bold stare of impudent admiration which the Professor deigned to bestow upon her, there came over her pretty face a flush that told, unmistakably, of admiration, but of indignant dislike.

"There! don't pull my arm off, little Manuelita!" said her uncle, gently disengaging himself. "One would think thou werest afraid of the Senor Professor. Dost thou think he will eat thee up?"

"Eat her up!" cried the professor, casting himself with a boisterous laugh, on to a rickety chair, and flicking the dust from his varnished boot-tips with his yellow pocket-handkerchief. "Eat her up! and so I would—without pepper, without salt, without the particularly musty and rancid oil which you, O skinny and shrivelled father of man-monkeys, and grandfather of all the chimpanzees out of the Zoological Gardens! put into all the eatables and drinkables from your bread to your beef. Eat her up! who wouldn't eat Manuelita up? Pretty Manuelita! charming Manuelita! coquettish Manuelita! nice yet naughty, wondrous yet wicked Manuelita! rascally Manuelita! Star of Spain!"

Iberian treasure! Apple of every body's eye! Peninsular diamond!"

He laughed again, more coarsely and boisterously still. A merry man was the Professor—fond of his joke, always.

The girl looked at him with an expression of unmistakable loathing, which expression of distaste seemed to tickle the Professor immensely, and made him laugh with renewed force. Manuel Harispe looked too at his guest, at first in a very evil manner; but he muttered to himself, between his teeth, "He pays so much!" and the dangerous expression in his face melted into a cringing, fawning smile.

"You are always so good your laugh to have, Ballero Professor," he said, rubbing his yellow hands together; "always so funny man are you—at, much!"

"There!" the Professor answered, with insolent nonchalance, "that will do, my servile friend. Just hurry on with the dinner, for I am as hungry as Nimrod, that mighty hunter, n't use have been when he came home from shooting hippopotamuses. Dish up, do you hear, Shylock! Tell Margaret to put some sauce that one can eat in the dishes;—I wouldn't mind a beef-steak powdered with some of the gold dust thou hast sown up in thy flannel waistcoat, thou Infant of Avarice, thou gripping Don! And, Manuelita, my child of the sunny South, go you and do up your hair, and look as pretty as ever you can, that I may make love to you all dinner-time."

The niece of Manuel Harispe disdained to answer, but, with an indignant flutter of her muslins, brushed passed her uncle and out of the room. But in the passage she caught hold of both Harispe's hands—he had followed close at her heels, and in a low—and for so pretty, gentle a creature, almost a fierce—whisper, hissed in his ear:

"Uncle, I hate that man."

Manuel Harispe gave a puzzled shrug.

"Darling niece of mine, what am I to do? I too hate him as a *con'rabandista* hates a *doganero*. Doth not the *borrico* hate his pack-saddle? Doth not the peasant hate the priest, who watches his olive crop and counts his chestnuts, of tithes-thinking? It is a brute beast—an English cow man—but he *pays so much*."

They spoke in Spanish, lowly and softly, but with much gesticulation.

"I tell you I hate him," the dark little maiden went on. "I who love almost all the creatures that live. He is a bad, wicked, deceitful, cruel man. Look at his bad eyes! hear his bad voice! Not a day passes but he *insults* your sister's child."

"Insults!" the elder savagely interposed; "insults you, my dove? I should like to have his false heart's blood for that."

"Nay, tut, tut," Manuelita whispered; "I meant not so much. If he insulted me there should be no need for you to take his blood, oh, my uncle; but his voice insults me; his manner, his odious smile, his fool's talk, all insult me. Have him no more in this house, dear uncle."

"Little darling," the Senor responded, with dolorous indecision, "he drinks many, many bottles of red wine weekly. He asks, never, no, never, for change. He flings silver crowns at the head of Margaret and at the head of Ogon Alleon; and they give me half. He is worth to me, my Manuelita, this piece of pork and gold, this Morisco mingled with the Jew, not three, not four, but five golden English guineas every eight days. He has been here already three months, while doing his witchcraft and devilries at the Minerva Hall; and here he says he will stay and pay, misery of me! three months longer."

Manuelita saw that it was in vain to reason further with her uncle just then on this topic, and that his avarice outweighed even his affection for her. She therefore adjourned the subject of the bated Professor's presence *sine die*, determined, however, to resume it on a more favourable occasion. She kissed her uncle on his skinny forehead, and tripped lightly up a narrow flight of stairs to her own little bower,—which, indeed her taste and elegance had made as much like a bower as a wretched little cockpit was susceptible of being made,—there to make herself as pretty as possible (which was difficult, for that immortal ladies' maid, Nature, had made her so already); and thus beautified and adorned herself, not in obedience to the insolent behests of the Professor, but because she felt it to be a duty she owed to herself and to society, including the other *table d'hôte* guests whom she did not hate, to look pretty.

Down she came in about ten minutes, looking of a verity radiant, and with a dimpling smile took her accustomed seat at her uncle's right hand at the head of the table. She had almost forgotten the Professor, so naturally pleased was she with the murmur of admiration which invariably greeted her every afternoon on her entrance into Manuel Harispe's *salle à manger*.

The guests had been dropping in by twos and threes while she had been engaged in her brief toilet, and the table was now quite full. There might have been some four-and-twenty Spaniards, Mexicans, and Italians, all in two rows, with a Frenchman here and an Englishman there, like angels' visits, or the plume in a school pudding, few and far between. The vice-chair was taken by a very long, bony, American captain of a brig from Havannah, who brought sugar to England, and took "notions" to Cuba, and who, evil-disposed people whispered sometimes, by way of diversion, traded between Havannah and the West Coast of somewhere with certain commodities, which certainly were not at all saccharine, and which, if they came under the head of "notions" at all, were rather dark notions, woolly-headed notions, thick-lipped notions, and especially handcuffed and bilboed notions, who, having human hearts, and being troubled with such things as immortal souls, were nevertheless shipped and bought and sold, like the veriest notions in a dry goods store.

Nearly all the guests were smoking as they came in, and laid their smouldering cigars or cigaritos by their plates' sides, resuming them with a charming absence of ceremony in the intervals of the repast, or so soon as they had eaten and drunk enough. There were no ladies present save Manuelita. The dinner was of a very ambiguous and cosmopolitan description—the contents of the dishes being mostly dark in colour and powerful in odour; but two things were certain, that the *Castalia* of Margaret the cook's inspiration was the great river of oil, and the Tree of her culinary knowledge the great clove of garlic. Beyond the certainty of these elements' presence, the dinner must indubitably have been reckoned among the *Cosas de Espana*—dark and mysterious things, incomprehensible to those who have not climbed the pillars of Hercules, assited at a *funcion*, or wandered from their youth upwards through the halls of the *Abencerrajes*. Marvelous things are the *Cosas de Espana*! Spanish bands are among them. Spanish gratitude, Spanish cigaritos and mantillas and guitars (for where can the first be rolled, the second draped, the third drummed, out of Spain?) Spanish jackasses, which, I am told, are nearly as large as white elephants, and Spanish flies. And the most wondrous in the *Cosas de Espana* we have seen in these latter days is Spanish campaign in Africa, and the sublime impudence with which a few paltry skirmishes with a pack of dingy, ill-armed half-naked, and undisciplined Moorish rascals have been magnified into a series of heroic achievements worthy of Rodrigo de Bivar—the immortal Ruy Cid Campeador himself, his sword Escoriente and Bivice his steed.

Margaret, the Milesian, a Ogon Alleon, the fawn Spanish waiter, who might have been of Moorish extraction, so tawny-complexioned was he, waited at table efficiently, but with a remarkable freedom from politeness. Every body seemed to do very much as he liked, and almost every body drank water.

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

A book and a paper, both bearing on the subject of this article, have recently appeared, each of which deserves some notice at our hands. The book is that by Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, which has been translated into English under the title of "Studious Women;" and the paper is one which has appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of this month, and is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Markby. The title is, the "Education of Women."

The subject in both cases is much the same; for, notwithstanding the infelicity of title of the translation of Monseigneur Dupanloup's book, what he aims at is to recommend to women an education which shall not stop when school-time is finished, but which shall continue onwards through the whole of life.

Mr. Markby's paper offers very little in the way of theory, but discusses chiefly what has actually been done by the Cambridge examinations in affording tests as to the accuracy and soundness of girls' work. He also touches on the point of the possibility and advisability of educating students of both sexes together, and gives some account of what recent observers have told us about the life of American mixed colleges. On the whole, he does not seem to approve of the plan followed in them, and, in a few words regarding the proposed new college for women, he gives expression to a thought which is perfectly just. He says, "Just as only men can make men, so only women can make women." For this cause he maintains, that in any plan for the higher education of girls the influence of women, so all-important in the formation of character, must be brought to bear. Whilst evidently wishing well to the cause of female education, it is right to mention that Mr. Markby's opinion, so far as he expresses one, is borne out on the whole by the results of the Cambridge examination, "that a majority of both sexes are not capable of much literary advancement after sixteen—that, in short, their hands are better than their heads."

We fully concur with Mr. Markby in the truth of this statement. What can be done by the better men, the minority, all the world knows. It remains yet to be proved what can be done by the better minority of women, if a due field be opened for the regular cultivation of what intellectual power they may possess.

In the notices of Mgr. Dupanloup's book, which have appeared in other journals, the point which has been chiefly remarked is the notice which he takes of what he calls the power of frivolous French women to "futilise" their husbands—that is, by means of that constant iteration which foolish and weak women so well know how to employ when they have a purpose to gain, to turn them from the pursuit of any serious occupation which may be of use either to themselves or the State. The Bishop of Orleans speaks as if it were not uncommon in France for women who aspire to lead a fashionable life, to desire that their husbands should have no definite occupation, and to throw the whole weight of their influence into the scale against the men becoming more serious than they are themselves. Mgr. Dupanloup warns the women of France against this: and we should imagine that in his position he speaks with knowledge and authority.

For Englishwomen such warnings are not needed. We have never heard it alleged against even the most frivolous of our countrywomen that they desired men to become as "futile" as themselves. Possibly the fact that English public life offers opportunities to men, which can hardly be said to have their equivalents in France, has much to do with the possibility or impossibility of the effectual exercise of a baleful female influence in the "futilising" of men.

Mgr. Dupanloup adduces as examples of female learning and incitements to study, many women who would hardly have been thought of by a Protestant writer, although they serve the bishop's purpose as illustrations; and to the names of various saints a writer living more in the common world would have added those of some of the women who, in recent times, have done honour to their sex. Again, in the book there is a prevailing tone of sermonizing, and some reiteration, which after all are not difficult to be accounted for.

Nevertheless, women owe thanks to the Bishop of Orleans for having, according to his lights, given utterance to the expression of opinion that they have a higher end in existence than mere frivolity and gossiping.

It is a fact not unworthy of remark, however, as illustrating how difficult it is for persons to accept help in forwarding even the work which they have most at heart, unless they are allowed to have the fashioning of the proffered aid after their own ideas, that Mgr. Dupanloup, anxious as he is for the education of women, yet heartily opposed M. Durney's scheme of lectures to girls at the Sorbonne, one of the most advanced steps that for a long time has been taken with regard to female instruction.

Among ourselves more is going on than mere talk with regard to the advanced instruction of women, and we trust at an early period to place before our readers some account of the effort which is now being made to establish a college for women, and of the objects proposed to themselves by the promoters of the scheme.—Queen.

"POPPING THE QUESTION."

As a sequel to our picture last week of "St. Valentine's Day," we cannot do better than give "Popping the Question," which so often follows the love missive. Our illustration tells its own story without further description.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Seat carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859, —[ADVT.]

TRADE UNIONS CONFERENCE.

The interview between Mr. Gladstone and the unionists opens out for the first time to us, all that may be hoped from bringing the working class—highly organised as it is—within the proper limits of political influence. Parliamentary representation may do much, and will. But the relation between individual statesmen whom the working class trust—like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Mr. Stanfield, and others—may be destined to do yet more. Such a conversation as Tuesday's will exercise a greater reflex influence over the classes interested in it than the formal speaking in any trade union debate. There is something in the freedom of this kind of intercourse which has more power to act upon the minds of a simple and eager class than the stately speeches of a set debate. Nor will the gain be by any means chiefly on one side. Statesmen will learn to see that the problems with which they have to deal are not the abstract problems of an algebraical economy, but living ones, which affect life in the most direct and complex way. There has been lately something of more than estrangement—something almost of hostility—between Parliament and the people, which has operated very prejudicially on both. In nothing do we see it more clearly than in the fact that that very eagerness and warmth of conviction which attract the workingmen to Mr. Gladstone, and alienate the House from him, makes him the most "detested" statesman of the Commons. If Mr. Gladstone had told any party whatever in the House that any principle advocated by them was "worthy only of savages," he would never have heard the last of it. The workingmen are more natural and manly. They like frank and vigorous opposition, as much as they like hearty and generous concession. The House is utterly out of harmony with the largest and most manly life of the nation. And even if that harmony is not wholly restored, as it barely will be, in the new Parliament—for nothing is more difficult than to prevent mem-

bers from being one thing (warm Gladstonians) on the hustings, and quite another thing (teasing obstructives) in the House—the man who leads the House so skilfully and cannot lead the people at all, will soon give way to the man who can lead both.—*Spectator*.

GAMBLING ON THE CONTINENT.—Now that the term for the closing of the gambling saloons at Wiesbaden and Homburg has been fixed by the Prussian Government, the proprietors of those establishments are looking out for new quarters in which to pursue their lucrative profession. It is said that they have already made a brilliant offer with this object to the municipality of Geneva. They propose, in return for the privilege of building a gambling-house in Geneva, to pay the whole of the municipal debt, complete the construction of the quay on the lake, and make a large street in the lower part of the town. The Administrative Council has not as yet given a reply to this magnificent offer, but there is no doubt that it will be declined.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]



"POPPING THE QUESTION."

MR. TRAIN AT YOUGHAL.

We make the following extract from the *Cork Weekly Herald* :—
 Mr. Train: Boys, I command you to listen to me (hear). Now, then, whenever there is the least disturbance, if you will acknowledge me to-night your leader (cheers), I will promise to stop the disturbance. Now, I will be your leader on the 8th of next November in America (great cheering). Consequently let these gentlemen stay. I want them, for they are the very men that I want to convert, because whatever they may think I know I am not going after I have stumped Ireland—I am not going right back to America—I am going to London (cheers), and I am going to speak in St. James's Hall, and I will meet every one of these members of Parliament that dared to insult me six years ago (cheers), and if I don't prove myself game to the last you need not vote for me (cheers). It is a singular fact that all the great leaders there, as I stated the other night in answering Rebeck, are Irishmen (cheers). The greatest orator they had, Sheridan, was an Irishman (applause). The greatest actor, Edmund Kean, was an Irishman (hear, hear, and cheering). The greatest composer, Hulse, an Irishman (hear). The greatest painter, McElroy, an Irishman (cheers). The greatest sculptor, Hogan, was an Irishman. James Sheridan Knowles, my old friend, who loved the old land and liberty (cheers). I have personal notes from James Sheridan Knowles which I shall publish some day, and in one of which written seven years ago in London, he foreshadows that I shall be President of the United States (great cheering). Then remember Miss O'Neill, the great actress, and M'Donnell and Foley, the renowned sculptors, and Sir Martin Shee, and Barry (cheers). Now, then, who to-day is the editor of the *London Times*?—John T. Delane, an Irishman (hisses). [A Voice—A renegade Irishman.] Yes, a renegade Irishman (cheers). I polished him off during the American war. O'Meara the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is an Irishman. Bowby, who corresponded for the same paper and was killed by the Chinese at Pekin, was an Irishman. Who is the editor of the *London Review*?

Tom Hood, the editor of *Fun*, is a good fellow. He is the only one who stood by me in the Shelley affair. Will I get back and get hold of the British aristocracy (laughter). As I said the other day—no bloodhound on the track, no Indian on the trail is more sure of his prey than I (cheers)—

Time at last brings all things even,
 And you do but bide the hour—
 There never yet was human power
 That could evade, of unforgiven,
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

(Applause).

Here is my rejoinder to *Fun* :—

Johnny Bull has got a nice eye,
 With my *Veni, Vidi, Vici*;
 'Tis you, not me, that eat the steak,
 A bloody war when Greek meets Greek.
 Congratulations on your well timed *Fun*,
 We expected wit from Tom Hood's son;
 But let me warn you, don't try again
 To throw off the track a lightning Train!

(Cheers).

There is another paragraph in *Punch* about Dickens. Well, I admit 25 years ago Dickens insulted every American (hear). Bonaparte, you remember, insulted every Irishman as well. No kind word for Ireland. Here is my argument to show that I talk no treason. Twenty-five years ago Dickens insulted every American, and now he has visited America. The toadism of our people has culminated. He has gone all over the land and been ovated. As he is going to play the Dickens with us, I am going to play the "dickens" with England (cheers and laughter). Here have written one paragraph on toadism to Dickens:—

The meanest reptile on the road
 Is your slimy, purse-pride Yulee to .

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES.

The *Trieste Gazette* publishes an interesting account, which it professes to give on trustworthy authority, of certain confidential negotiations alleged to be now taking place between the French and Italian Governments relative to the proceedings of the ex-King Francis II. of Naples at Rome. These negotiations, it says, are consequent on the Italian Government having obtained information that the Bourbonist agitation now carried on in Southern Italy is chiefly the work of Francis and his friends in the Palazzo Farnese, that a well-organised conspiracy is now in operation at Naples under their direction, with the object of overthrowing the power of Victor Emmanuel and reinstating the Bourbon dynasty, and that this conspiracy has been provided with ample funds, arms, and ammunition by the ex-King and the Cabinet of Madrid, with the full concurrence of the Holy See. General Menabrea has laid this information in a confidential despatch before the French Government, calling its attention to the dangers with which Italian unity, in the establishment of which France has taken so important a part, is threatened, and urging the Emperor to take the necessary steps to put an end to the agitation which is the cause of these dangers. The General adds that "the intrigues woven at Rome are directed not only against Italy, but also against the Napoleonic dynasty," and that they are connected with a French Bourbonist propaganda, aiming at the restoration of the Bourbons in France. "Italy," concludes the despatch, "hesitates, because of her peculiar position towards France and the Pope, to call the latter to account, as she has a perfect right to do, for the support given by his Holiness to the Bourbonist conspiracy, and has therefore preferred to make this representation to the French Government, with a view to its taking energetic steps against the machinations of Francis II., and demanding his removal from Rome." This proposal, the *Trieste Gazette* says, is still under discussion, and the French Government has, as yet, not given any definite answer to it. Meanwhile, Italy is making extensive preparations to put down the expected insurrection. Besides the five corps d'armée of Florence, Bologna, Parma, Perugia, and Leghorn,



CICADA, THE WINNER OF THE LINCOLN CLUB CUP.

An Irishman, born in this town (hear). His paper has a terrific attack on me, I suppose because I am a friend of Ireland. One of the principal editors of the *Saturday Review* is an Irishman, the editor of the *Morning Star* is a Corkonian (cheers)—about the only paper, except the *Liverpool Post*—also edited by an Irishman—and *Manchester Times*—that stood during the war by the Irish, the United States and the American flag (hear). Now then as they have been calling me names let me reply. *Punch* is after me. *Fun* is after me. Yes I will get rid of *Fun* (laughter). Here is my reply to *Punch* :—

SATIRE ON STOP THAT TRAIN.

Danger whist! Stop that Train! Say you, Chief Mark Lemon, sub Horace Mayhew, A Yankee engine by an English bull! Your cup of sorrow must be more than full. You enjoyed my St. James's lunches, I enjoyed your Lemon punches; You seem'd to like my iced champagne— How could you say then—"Stop that Train!" Better let my tramways be, As provider and patentee— I will make your nation howl! Should your fair play turn out foul!

Then they admit that they were stupid asses to arrest me at all. Then he says the only way to hunt Train is by silence. They think that they could rule me by silence, just as though the London *Times* ruled the world. Once the London *Times* had 100,000 subscribers, and the Penny Press had 20,000. Now the Penny Press has one million of subscribers, and the London *Times* 40,000. Who cares for the silence of the *Times*? To continue:—

Your stupid admission surpasses Punch! and so you've brother asses; As "silence," then, oft breeds contempt, Send up your card when I'm President!

That is Charles Francis Adams (great hissing).

The true American fairly sickens
 To see such toadism to Dickens;
 The cod-fish dollars they toss down
 Were made from shoddy up in Boz-town.
 I guess that will do for *Fun*.

THE COTTON SUPPLY.

THE cotton supply question appears to be again assuming some importance. Considerable as the imports have been this year, they have not kept pace with the demand, and the stock held at Liverpool has been gradually declining, as will appear from the following totals showing the state of affairs in January and February as compared with the corresponding months of 1867 and 1866:—

Week ending	1868.	1867.	1866.
	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.
January 10	419,200	520,010	392,200
January 17	434,290	501,320	417,110
January 24	406,140	478,300	424,460
January 31	396,170	538,880	418,200
February 7	340,150	570,770	429,320
February 14	288,000	565,500	442,970

The increase in the imports this year has been 22,000 bales as compared with the six corresponding weeks of 1867; but the increase in the quantity taken for consumption, comparing the same periods, was no less than 204,950 bales.

A NEW rifle, superior to any of those recently invented, was submitted to the Emperor Francis Joseph on his arrival at Pesth. The inventor is an Hungarian, M. Mersits de Roob. This weapon, a breech-loader, is said to be of very simple construction. It is charged by two motions, so that 30 shots can be fired in a minute. The envelope of the cartouche costs only 4c. instead of 8c., the price of those recently adopted for the Austrian army.

which are ready to take the field under Cialdini, five others—those of Turin, Alessandria, Milan, Padua, and Verona—are being embodied, so as to be able to proceed to Southern Italy without delay. The number of the troops thus held in readiness to resist, if necessary, the reactionary aspirations of the Neapolitans is from 65,000 to 70,000."

THE BAVARIAN DEPUTIES.

AN animated controversy is now going on in the Bavarian press respecting the policy to be pursued by the Bavarian deputies in the Customs Parliament, which will shortly assemble at Berlin. The representatives of the Liberal party declare that the deputies will not do their duty unless they demand the admission, pure and simple, of Bavaria into the Northern Bund; those of the "party of the Centre," which constitutes the majority of the Bavarian Chamber, consider that the time for such a step has not yet arrived, and that the deputies ought to confine their attention to the subjects on which the new constitution of the Zollverein empowers them to legislate; while the Ultramontane are for a strictly reactionary policy, consisting in the maintenance of the sovereign rights of Bavaria, and a stout resistance to any measure tending to incorporate her with a united Germany. As a specimen of the unscrupulous means adopted by the latter party to attain its ends, we quote the following curious paragraph from its organ, the *Volksbote* of Munich:—"The great Northern Bund has decided at Berlin to introduce flogging in the North German army, with ninety lashes as a maximum. . . . Prussian officers assign as a reason for this measure the fact that it is the only means of bringing the Southern Germans to their senses, and openly declare that flogging will soon be introduced in the Bavarian army also. Prussian soldiers, too, relate how experiments have been made on the inmates of houses of correction, with the object of ascertaining whether, the stick, the knout, or the cat-o'-nine tails was preferable as an instrument of punishment. The stick, it appears, has been selected, though a high personage is said to have shown greater interest in the knout."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

STRAND THEATRE.—That the Strand burlesques bear revival was proved by the reception accorded to Mr. Burnand's "Paris; or, Vive Lemprière," on Saturday night. The scenery is exceedingly appropriate and attractive, the dresses are brilliant, and it is needless to say that the acting is exceedingly complete and effective. Miss Ada Swanborough as Venus, Miss E. Holt as Mercury; Mr. Thomas Thorne as Oenone (a personage very unlike the heroines of the poetic myth), Messrs. David James and Charles Fenton as Castor and Pollux, and Mr. F. Robson as Orlon, form a very excellent cast for a piece which requires extravagant and humorous impersonations. Mr. Thorne and Mr. Robson deserve special commendation.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the concert on Saturday last, the selections given were from Meyerbeer, Costa, Haydn, Bellini, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Haydn's Symphony in B major is not familiar to the frequenters of concerts, and was introduced for the first time at the Crystal Palace on this occasion. Every work which bears the name of "Haydn" is entitled to the profoundest respect; and it was, therefore, gratifying in the extreme to the lovers of the old master to find Mr. Manns rescuing from unmerited oblivion a work which, if not a grand specimen of the old "father of the symphony," is right worthy of restoration. Judging from the ease and precision with which the Symphony was executed, it was evident that the utmost pains had been taken in the rehearsals. Haydn in his compositions is never otherwise than tuneful—the greatest of all recommendations to a mixed multitude like that which patronises the Crystal Palace concerts—and, consequently, we are of opinion that Mr. Manns might with advantage favour his audiences now and then with an opportunity of hearing symphonies by Haydn even less known than that in B major. There are plenty to choose from—nearly six score—and the conductor could hardly light upon one which would prove unworthy of resuscitation, and repay his trouble. The two overtures were finely contrasted, but that of Mendelssohn is so superior, as a work of art and genius, that we think the pride of place should have been accorded to it. Certainly Mr. Manns may plead in excuse that the "Struensee" is less frequently performed than the "Hebrides," and was therefore entitled to the more favourable position. Under the circumstances it was, perhaps, as well, as the greater part of the audience were induced by Mendelssohn's overture to remain in their seats to the end of the concert. The Concerto of Beethoven—the "Emperor Concerto," as it is universally and with singular propriety denominated—was played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and a more finished, more powerful, and more magnificent performance of that grand symphonic work was never listened to. Madame Goddard had been prevented by indisposition from appearing recently at several of the London first-class concerts—such as the Monday Popular Concerts, Mr. Henry Leslie's Orchestral Concerts, &c.—and her presence in the Sydenham music-hall, after so long an absence, was doubly welcome, for we place the Crystal Palace Concerts in the metropolitan category. The reception given to the "Queen of the Piano," on her entrance, was unusually hearty and demonstrative, and the performance of the concerto at the conclusion was applauded with an enthusiasm not always to be noted in an assembly mostly composed of the gentler sex, whose murmurs of approbation, by the way, are in truth more flattering to the real artist than the vehement expression and tokens of delight indulged in by the rougher and more excitable sex. The band accompanied Madame Goddard superbly, and with that amount of forbearance and inobtrusiveness—no doubt, inculcated by the conductor—which should be, but is not, invariably observed by all bands. The solo singer was Mlle. Carola, the young Hungarian soprano, who made her *debut* lately at the Sacred Harmonic Society, and on Thursday last at Mr. Henry Leslie's Concerts, on both occasions winning a great deal of praise, and evidencing a talent which may shortly place her in the foremost rank of concert-room vocalists. Mlle. Carola's essay in the sacred, the Italian, and the romantic school of singing were not equally good. The Swiss "Volkslied" was decidedly her best effort, and in this she fairly excited her hearers to enthusiasm, and was unanimously encored. To-day a new grand Symphony by Schubert will be performed for the first time in this or any country.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Wash and clean the glass, whatever its form, placed over auriculas for protection. Finish top-dressing them as before advised; they will need rather more water than has been afforded them during the past months. Take the lights off at all times when the weather is moderately fine, and afford air by constantly tilting at the back, except at times when a more than ordinary surface frost is anticipated. Air in abundance plays an important part in the efficient culture of this quaint and beautiful class of plants. Sow any tender annuals needed for out-door blooming; place them when sown under some sort of protection in a sunny aspect. Of course where a slight hot-bed exists they may be induced to germinate more freely if placed in it. I again advise planting ranunculus and anemones without further delay; they do well at about two inches in depth.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

It will be well as soon as the weather becomes a little settled, and the ground moderately dry, to make small sowings of cabbage, such as Early York or Little Pixie; these will come in well for use early in autumn, and for further use in early winter. Sowings might also be made of red cabbages, where fine large specimens are a desideratum. Sow also a little seed of the green curled savoy to precede the principal sowing, which should be made the latter end of next month. Also a similar quantity of either Walcheren broccoli or cauliflower. The former in hot summers often produce late, during the season, fine large heads, while the latter only "button off" in their earlier stage of growth. Transplant autumn-sown onions; if of the large Tripoli sort, they should have at least eight inches of room between each—White Spanish will do with but six inches. Turnips of the Early Stone (Early Dutch) or Red American sorts, might also be sown upon a warm sunny border, such as that at the base of a south wall. A successional sowing of Early, or French, Horn carrots should likewise be made in a similar situation. No further delay should occur in sowing a further successful supply of early peas. Such varieties as Ne Plus Ultra, Maclean's Gem, Champion of Paris, &c., will succeed well sown now as a successional supply to those already in the ground. Radishes, whether turnip or spindle-shaped, might be sown between the rows of peas, as might also spinach. Sprinkle a little seed of Paris Cos lettuce over such a place as the alleys of asparagus beds, or any other similar situation in which a good rich and deep soil exists. Transplant a few of the early sorts, such as Brown Cos, which, sown in autumn, have been kept through the winter. Examine cauliflower plants, and prick out into a good rich quarter any which need thinning out; look well into the hearts, however, first; many of them are likely to form "buttons," hence they are wholly useless as regards future produce. Plant out potatoes in like manner, as weather suits. Use the hoe between crops, for the double purpose of destroying weeds and to assist the air in penetrating freely into the soil. Pot marjoram and sweet basil may likewise be sown. If placed in a little extra warmth each will germinate freely. Finish planting Jerusalem artichokes as opportunity offers.—W. E. in the *Gardener's Chronicle*.

LAW AND POLICE.

A YOUNG LADY CHARGED WITH FURIOUS RIDING IN ROTTEN-ROW.—Miss Rose Philips, residing at No. 19, Hill-street, Knightsbridge, appeared before Mr. Tyrwhitt to answer a summons for furious riding in Rotten-row.—Police-constable Henry May, 297 A, said that about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th he saw the defendant galloping her horse as fast as she could along Rotten-row. He waited a short time, and saw her come back at the same rate. Two constables held up their hands to stop her, but she took no notice, and went on whipping her horse all the time. On the defendant stopping he took her name and address, when she denied furiously riding, said that her horse ran away with her, and that she had no whip, but he had seen her whipping her horse. Several ladies and gentlemen had complained of her conduct.—The defendant denied having a whip.—Police-constable Wm. Carroll, 226 A, gave similar evidence to the other constable, adding that the defendant was going at the rate of 16 miles an hour, and although he called out to her to stop she took no notice.—The defendant said that finding her horse restive she took it home as soon as she could.—The defendant's Groom was called and said that the horse ran away with the defendant, and that she had no whip at the time, he having both whips.—May said the defendant had ridden in a similar manner the previous day, and was then complained of.—Mr. Tyrwhitt said he was sorry to see a young lady in such a predicament, but he did not believe at the same time that the horse ran away with her as alleged. He believed she had ridden the horse at a fast rate, which might be amusing to her, but at the same time was dangerous to others, and she would therefore have to pay a fine of 40s. and costs.

MISS FRAY!—This lady, who is well known from her frequent appearance in the law courts, appeared for the second time before the court as a bankrupt. She alleges that the present bankruptcy is attributable to insufficiency of income and law costs, and thus describes herself in the proceedings: Rosanna Dupin Fray, of 14 South-street, Grosvenor-square, dressmaker and milliner. There are only two creditors—Mr. H. E. Voules, solicitor, Gresham-street, for £28; and Mr. Henry Cotchell, 14, South-street, Grosvenor-square, £50. This was the first sitting, but no debt was proved, and the 16th of April, at two o'clock, was fixed for last examination and discharge.

THE CLERKENWELL OUTRAGE.—THREATENING A WITNESS.—Mary Elizabeth Martin, of No. 8, Pulteney-court, was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt, by Police-constable W. Mickleborough, 128 AR, charged on a warrant with using threatening language to Martha Kinsley, a young woman living in the same house.—It appears that the complainant and the defendant both reside at No. 8, Pulteney-court, the house from which the barrel of gunpowder was taken on the occasion of the Clerkenwell outrage, the defendant being the landlady of the house. A short time since the defendant was summoned for using threatening language to a female who was a witness for the Crown, and bound over in sureties to keep the peace. On Saturday night last she again threatened another witness for the Crown, Martha Kinsley, the present complainant.—The case having been proved against the defendant, Mr. Tyrwhitt asked her what she had to say in answer to the charge?—The defendant, who conducted herself in a very excited manner, said that ever since she was bound over she had been upbraided with it, with the view of getting her to break the peace. She had done no harm, her only crime being that she was an Irishwoman, and as for knowing the contents of either a barrel or a letter that came to her lodgers she was totally ignorant.—Mr. Tyrwhitt said that he thought the defendant might consider herself fortunate in having escaped from a charge much more serious than the present one, as no reasonable being could have any doubt about that, she well knowing what was brought to her house and what was going on. He should now order her to enter into her own bail in £100, and to find two sureties in £50 each to keep the peace for six months.—In a default of finding bail, the defendant was locked up.

CUTTING AND WOUNDING.—James Talibam, a labourer, residing at 87, Golden-lane, was charged before Mr. Cooke, with feloniously cutting and wounded Richard Wilson, an ostler, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.—According to the evidence, the complainant and the defendant had some hot words at Christmas, and since then had not been friends. On Saturday night the complainant went into the defendant's mother's shop, and there the defendant attempted to hit the complainant with a pair of tongs. The complainant left the shop, and was followed by the defendant, who made a stab at the complainant's head, but missing that stabbed him on the left shoulder. The police coming up, all the parties were taken to the Old-street Police-station. The divisional surgeon of police, Mr. George Eugene Yarrow, of 86, Central-street, St. Luke's, dressed the complainant's wound, and described it as an incised one about an inch in depth and half an inch in length. It was over the left shoulder bone, was forward and downward, and must have been inflicted by some sharp instrument. The wound was not a dangerous one.—The defendant denied that he had used a knife, but said that he should like the magistrate to decide the case at once.—Mr. Cooke said that where a knife was used, he should not decide, and committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN FROM THE COUNTRY.—John Williamson, who was described as a corn and hay dealer, at 2, Blackman-street, Borough, was brought up on a warrant by Pike, 208 M, charged with obtaining the sum of £50 from William Cutworth Sea with intent to defraud him.—The prosecutor said that on the 10th of January last he saw an advertisement in the papers "For salesmen in the corn and hay trade, to attend markets, and purchase and sell goods. Application to be made to Messrs. Shaw, printers, Stones-end, Borough." Witness called at the latter address the same day, and was referred to the prisoner at No. 2, Blackman-street, where he found him apparently carrying on the business of a corn and hay salesman. Mr. Shaw, however, told witness that he never authorised the prisoner to use his name. On the 17th of January he had an interview with the prisoner, who told him he was doing a good business; that he had recently sold his other place at the West-end for £300, and had purchased the present connection with the money. He also said that he required an active young man as salesman to attend country markets and collect orders, for which he was to receive 30s. a week and half the profits, and that he must have £50 deposited as security for three months. Witness signed an agreement to the effect, and, believing that the prisoner's statement was true, he handed him the £50. On Monday, the 30th, he commenced his duties. He did not tell witness of any regular customers, but gave him samples to sell where he could. He had since then discovered that the prisoner was bankrupt, and only on Tuesday, the 18th inst., obtained his discharge. Witness attended to oppose him, but the Commissioner told him his case was one for a police-court. Witness understood that he had received the same sum from several other young men, and that he was doing no business.—The magistrate remanded the prisoner.

THE SPEKE MYSTERY.

On Monday forenoon the Speke mystery assumed another phase. Mr. Murdoch, the friend who offered £500 for the discovery of Mr. Speke, acquainted Sir Richard Mayne that that gentleman was in safety at Padstow, in Cornwall, and the public was again launched upon a sea of speculation as to the how and the wherefore. A telegram received, however, conveys intelligence of another mystery. It states that Mr. Speke was arrested in the guise of a drover for an assault, and a large sum of money being found upon

him exciting suspicion, he was identified (probably by the means of his photograph, which had been sent to every police-station) and on being taxed with being the missing clergyman, admitted the fact.

Further information respecting Mr. Speke leaves but little doubt that the unfortunate gentleman absconded while labouring under a species of mental aberration. This, at least, is the most charitable construction to be placed upon his conduct, and the details of his travels from day to day, and his conversations go far to bear out this suggestion. After an absence of seven weeks the reverend gentleman is restored to his family, and the hundred and one theories set up as to the cause of his mysterious disappearance vanish before the fact, as stated by Mr. Murdoch, his brother-in-law, that his extraordinary conduct has been the result of a hallucination. This can be told in a few words. At the death of Captain Speke the Rev. Mr. Speke became heir to the family estates. Since that time, for no assignable cause whatever, he has indulged in an impression, which has gradually developed itself during the past two years into a kind of monomania, that his family had ceased to care for him, and upon more than one occasion previous to his disappearance he expressed himself to this effect. It is therefore assumed by his friends that his mission to London on the 8th of January—namely, that of standing as bridegroom's best man at the marriage of an intimate friend, had the effect of maturing the mania, so to speak, to a state of frenzy for the time being, and under this influence the unfortunate gentleman embraced the opportunity, to use his own words, of "severing himself from his family." This, then, is the sole reason, if it can be so called, for Mr. Speke's sudden and strange adventure, and one which it was his full intention to carry out by going to America but for the circumstance of his being arrested upon suspicion of being a runaway bankrupt. Upon every topic but the one referred to the reverend gentleman is perfectly rational, and although he made little or no objection to return to London with Mr. Murdoch, he still persists that his family are indifferent to him. Indeed, so depressed is he upon this subject that his friends have resolved upon taking the highest medical opinion as to his condition as early as possible.

THE ATTEMPT TO MURDER IN BEDFORD SQUARE.

JAMES CLANCY, 23, described as a reporter, was charged with feloniously shooting at John Chowne with intent to murder him.

The facts of this case will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The prosecutor was a police-constable, and on the 18th of January he went with another constable named Chamberlayne to watch a house in Sidmouth-street, Gray's-inn-road, for the purpose of apprehending the prisoner, who was suspected of being concealed there, upon the charge of being a deserter from the Royal Engineers. After waiting all day, the prisoner came out, and the officers followed him to Bedford square, where Chowne went up to him and asked him if his name was Clancy. He replied that it was not, and that it was Read, and that he lived at Camden-town; and he had just come from there. Chowne, upon this, told him that he should apprehend him for being a deserter, and at the moment he said this the prisoner put a stick between Chowne's legs and threw him down and ran off. Both officers pursued him, and he then turned deliberately round and fired a revolver at the prosecutor, and the bullet whizzed close past his ear. The pursuit was continued, and just as Chamberlayne came up with the prisoner he fired a second shot, and it had the effect of blackening his whiskers. Chamberlayne then seized the prisoner, and at the same instant he fired another shot. A bystander said to him, "You rascal, why did you try to shoot me for?" and he replied that he did not intend to shoot him, and when he was asked who it was he intended to shoot, he nodded at Chamberlayne. As the prisoner was being conveyed to the police-station, he said "I have had a good fight and fought a fair duel, and I can only say that I have not been paid for it." A revolver was taken from the prisoner which had six chambers, and three of them appeared to have been discharged. Upon his lodgings being searched, there were found a quantity of bullets and gunpowder.

Mr. Ribton addressed the jury very briefly for the defence.

Baron Braundell having summed up, the jury almost immediately found the prisoner guilty of shooting at the prosecutor with intent to do him grievous bodily harm.

The prisoner was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for life.

THE POSITION OF PEERS IN ELECTIONS.

SIR W. STIRLING MAXWELL, when questioned as chairman of Mr. Beresford Hope's Committee, confessed himself more of a sinner than he really was against the sessional order of the House of Commons, prohibiting interference of peers in elections. The Bishop of Lichfield is not a Peer of Parliament, being the last-elected bishop; he has not received a writ of summons, and cannot receive one, under the 10 and 11 Vict., c. 108, until a vacancy occurs in some other see. There is, therefore, no valid reason, derived from the sessional order of the House of Commons, why Bishop Selwyn should not be a member of the committee and vote at the election. It may be that he is sure in time to become a peer, unless death intervenes, but so is the eldest son of a peer, who, till he becomes a peer, is a commoner. The zeal against the interference of bishops in a university contest is curious, when the constant interference of lay peers in elections is notorious. Within the last few months the Earl of Hardwicke has presided at a meeting in Cambridge for organising a Conservative registration for the county and borough.

THE INDIAN FURLough SCHEME.—A paragraph in the *Indian Review* asserts (correctly, as we believe) that the Indian furlough scheme is not only to be carried out, but to be applied to all officers now at home on leave. We should have thought that the latter course would be an obvious necessity when the new rules are sanctioned. Almost all the officers, civil and military, now at home on furlough, will be at once entitled to one, two, or three years' time, under the new conditions. If not allowed to transfer their leave from the one scheme to the other, it would simply be necessary for these gentlemen, or such of them as can travel, to return forthwith to their Presidencies, report their arrival, and apply for the new furlough or half-staff salaries. They would lose just their double passage money, and nobody but the Peninsular Company would profit by the restriction.

CO-OPERATION AND INTIMIDATION.—It appears that the grocers intend to withdraw their custom from such of the wholesale houses as supply the Civil Service Store. Of course the object of this move is to frighten the former and cut the latter off from their best sources of supply. Surely the grocers must be ignorant that the North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society in Manchester has been established since 1863, and that it received during the past year for the sale of goods to other co-operative retail societies no less a sum than £255,709 12s. 4d. It would require comparatively a very small extension of its system to supply even so large an establishment as that of the Civil Service. The only result of the ratiocining process, therefore, would be to draw closer the bonds of co-operation.

GERMAN PARISIANS.—The Roman Catholic students of Germany are astir in favour of the Pope. A deputation of the students at Bonn lately requested permission to hold a meeting for the purpose of expressing their sympathies with the head of their Church. The permission, however, was withheld. Sybel, the rector, refused on the ground that it would be looked upon as a political demonstration. The deputation withdrew, but once more returned, soliciting permission more earnestly than before.

LATEST FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.
A TELEGRAM from Pera states that Mr. Calvert, late English consul at the Dardanelles, has been convicted by the Supreme Court of Constantinople of an attempt to defraud the underwriters at Lloyd's of £12,000. In 1862 he insured, in the name of Haseen Aga, a ship which he called the Poseidon, laden with oil, and which he alleged was destroyed by fire in Turkish waters. The claim was backed by apparently official documents, signed by him as consul, and sealed with the consulate seal, which included bills of lading of the departure of the vessel, and of the fire. Suspicion being aroused inquiry was made, when it turned out that no such ship as the Poseidon, and no such person as Haseen Aga ever existed. He was sentenced to two years' penal servitude.

A VERY satisfactory telegram has been received at the India Office from Sir R. Napier. Major Grant had been well received by Prince Kassai, and the people, especially the women, have shown the best disposition towards us. No complications, concludes Sir R. Napier are to be apprehended.

A TELEGRAM from Washington through the Atlantic cable announces that the House of Representatives on Monday passed the resolution to impeach the President. On Tuesday the House appointed one committee formally to impeach Mr. Johnson at the bar of the Senate, and another to prepare the articles of impeachment. The President has nominated Mr. Thomas Ewing, as Secretary of War; and sent a message to the Senate maintaining that the removal of Mr. Stanton was no violation of the Tenure of Office Act.

ATTACK UPON A HOUSE BY ARMED FENIANS.

ON Monday night, at nine o'clock, the butler at Maryboro' House, about four miles from Cork, answered a knock at the hall door, when immediately five fellows, armed with revolvers, rushed in, and demanded delivery of all arms in the house. The proprietor, Edward Eyre Newenham, Esq., county magistrate, came from the parlour, and the demand was repeated, when he went to his bedroom and fired a shot through the window, to give an alarm.

The band then went into the demesne, and fired at Mr. Newenham, in at the window. Mr. Newenham replied with three shots from a revolver. One of the assailants fell on his knee, evidently hit, and was removed by the others, who made off.

The insurgents that attacked Maryboro' House are believed to have numbered at least thirty. The five that entered the house were armed with revolvers, those in reserve outside carried rifles. The ball fired at Mr. Newenham struck over his head, breaking the ceiling plastering, a piece of which wounded him near the left eye. The ball was found in the ceiling It is a rifled-gun conical bullet.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

At the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, a true bill was returned against the prisoners apprehended at Deptford on a charge of Fenianism. A butler, aged 43, in the family of a widow lady at Richmond, charged with stealing from a writing desk belonging to his mistress; and another man, aged 53, with receiving the stolen property, were convicted. The jury strongly recommended them to mercy on account of their previous good character, upon which the Recorder, after remarking upon the seriousness of the offence of a confidential servant robbing his employer, let them off with nine months' imprisonment. In another case, a youth, aged 18, clerk to a firm of solicitors, at Southampton, pleaded guilty to getting his master's cheque-book, writing two cheques for £130, and obtaining the money from the bank. An eloquent appeal was made in mitigation of sentence by Mr. Cooper on account of the youth of the prisoner; but the Recorder thought the case more serious than the previous one, and passed a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

CHANGING THE COLOUR OF IT ALTOGETHER.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Mildford-Jane Chambers, horsekeeper, was charged with being drunk, behaving in a disorderly manner, and assaulting Police-constable Charles King, F 107.

In consequence of an entertainment taking place at the Whittington Club on Friday, and the house accordingly being kept open later than usual, a number of men called "bucks" had assembled to call cab for the ladies and gentlemen, and thus earn a few coppers. The prisoner was one of these, and being the worse for liquor, occasionally disputing with the cab-drivers, &c., Police-constable 107 F was compelled to order him away. The prisoner told the constable not to interfere, but to attend to his duty at the door. Witness said he should have to take him into custody, whereupon the prisoner knocked him down, and was accordingly locked up.

In court the prisoner produced a piece of hair, and showed it to Mr. Flowers, saying it was a proof he had been very ill used.

Mr. Flowers said he knew it was the custom for women to bring hair into court as a proof that they had been assaulted, but he did know that men did it also (a laugh).

Prisoner: Well, sir, here it is as it was pulled out.

Mr. Flowers: Is it his (to the gaoler)? I can't see from this distance.

Redstall, the gaoler, here compared the piece produced with the prisoner's hair, but found it different in colour.

Redstall: The piece the prisoner shows is darker than his own hair, your worship (laughter).

Mr. Flower (to the prisoner): I fancy you are in the habit of carrying a stock of hair about you, and I am afraid you have brought out the wrong colour this time (a laugh).

The Prisoner (innocently): Is it a different colour, your worship? (renewed laughter).

Mr. Flowers: The gaoler says so. Have you any more with you?

The Prisoner: Oh no, sir!

Mr. Flowers said that at all events the prisoner had no right to assault the constable so violently for doing his duty.

The Prisoner: But it was not his place to interfere with me.

Mr. Flowers: He was doing perfectly right. I must fine you 20s, or fourteen days.

On leaving the dock the prisoner said laughingly,—"That's changing the colour of it altogether."

A PRIZE FOR THE POLICE.

A YOUNG man, who gave the name of Henry Wilson, was brought up for re-examination, on a charge of being in the unlawful possession of a large black Russian retriever puppy.

Police-constable Hill, of the V division, stated that on Wednesday morning he was on duty in the Richmond-road, where he saw the prisoner with the dog. His attention was more particularly drawn to the prisoner by the dog going away from him, and evidently not wishing to follow him. On the occasion of the dog going away the prisoner called to it "Here, here." He stopped the prisoner and asked him whether the dog belonged to him, when he replied, "I suppose it does." He then asked him whether he found the dog, when he answered that it followed him from Dorking, that he started from that place on the preceding day, and slept at Richmond during the night.

The Constable said the prisoner was coming from the direction of Richmond. He gave his address in Gray's-inn-lane.

Johns, one of the officers of the court, looked at the prisoner's hands, and said he appeared to be a working-man.

The Prisoner said he had been into the country to look for work, as it was slack in London.

The dog ran on to the beach, and jumped up to the magistrate, who caressed it, and said it was a valuable puppy. He then remanded the prisoner, to see if there was anything known of him.

The prisoner was now brought before Mr. Dayman, who was informed by the constable that he had been to the address in Gray's-inn-lane, and found it was a coffee-house. The prisoner was not known, but the lodgers were principally working-men.

Mr. Dayman said it did not follow, because, the prisoner was not known, that he did not lodge at the coffee-house. He then ordered him to be discharged and the dog was detained, as he admitted that it did not belong to him.

The Usher said the dog was worth at least £10.

Mr. Dryman said if an owner could not be found for the dog the police would be entitled to sell it.

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF STABBING.

MARY ANNE FITZMORRIS, 17, was charged with cutting and wounding Anne Ellison and Mary Anne Sheen under the following circumstances:—

It appeared that late on the night of Thursday week the prosecutrix and Mrs. Page, Ellison's sister, were in Westminster, and when near home, were accosted by the prisoner, who asked for some beer which Mrs. Page was carrying. The latter replied they had only enough for themselves, when prisoner used a beastly epithet, and upon being remonstrated with by Mrs. Sheen struck her a violent blow in the face. Mrs. Sheen immediately rushed at her and returned it; a scuffle ensued in which both went down; and when Mrs. Sheen was picked up shortly afterwards she was found to have been stabbed four times in the back of the head and six times on the left arm, besides a long gash in her left cheek. The prisoner afterwards attacked Ellison and stabbed her two or three times. She went home, and about an hour afterwards was apprehended by Sergeant Durinan, 59 A Reserve, who found her in bed dressed, and a knife blood-stained on the handle and blade. The prisoner said that was the knife she did it with, and it was all about a pot of beer.

The prisoner's version was totally different, and her defence was that she was justified in using the knife when attacked by the three women.

A witness confirmed her statement.

The depositions were read over, and the prisoner was fully committed for trial.

Later in the day Page and Ellison complained that the mother and sister of the prisoner threatened them, and they went in bodily fear, whereon two warrants were granted; but when Norah Fitzmorris, the sister, was taken by Davis, 234 B, the prosecutrix declined to appear, and the prisoner was liberated.

DEATH OF A WOMAN BY FIRE.
AN inquiry was held at the Coal Exchange Tavern, St. Mary-at-Hill, City, on Tuesday, by Mr. Payne, coroner, relative to the death by fire of Eleanor Baird, aged sixty-three years.

The deceased was the wife of an old soldier, now blind, and she lived with him at No. 37, St. Mary-at-Hill. On Sunday, while sitting at the fire, her clothes became ignited; she screamed out and her husband became aware of what had happened by the glare of the flames affecting his eyes so that he could almost see it. He was unable however, to give her any assistance, and when a neighbour ran in not only her clothes but her hair was in a blaze. Her flesh was charred in a frightful manner, and she died in great agony shortly afterwards. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death by fire."

SINGULAR ACCIDENT AT THE LEEDS PARISH CHURCH.—On Sunday evening last there was an occurrence at the Leeds parish church, which had the effect of considerably disturbing a crowded congregation. As the prayer ("Lighten our darkness") immediately preceding the anthem was being intoned, a sharp crack was heard on the left side of the choir, and instantly the long desk, on which the chorister-boys have their books, fell forward on to the stone pavement.

Several of the boys, who had been leaning against the usual support, also fell, and the books were scattered about in various directions. The verger was soon in attendance, and the desk was held in position until the conclusion of the anthem, when it was removed.

It has been decided after all that the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is to take place.

MR. RASSAM.—There is no one, we are sure, not even Dr. Beke himself, who will not be glad to hear that Government have received an official letter, placing it beyond all doubt, on the highest possible authority, that the money which Mr. Rassam was charged with improperly receiving from King Theodore was at once credited by him to the State, and duly entered as such in his public accounts, with a memorandum setting forth that 6,800 dollars were taken back by the King when Mr. Rassam and his comrades were imprisoned. We never entertained a doubt upon the subject ourselves; but we rejoice to find that the question has now been set at rest in such a manner as to convince even the most sceptical that the charges brought against this meritorious but unfortunate public servant had as little truth as generosity in them.

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wine merchant, who, if he desires true 6s., has to make
especial request for such to the manufacturer, who
deals in the ordinary course of his business in 6s.,
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be the case if such bottles were illegal, and which is
not the case with Imperial pints, which being legal,
are regular in measure.

These bottles of spurious extraction have sneaked
into use under the style and title of the Royal bottle—
the true quart—though at best they only contain two-
thirds the measure, and cannot be relied on even for
use; for a vast quantity of short measures being in
use and constant circulation they are day by day
exchanged by consumers for the bottles sent by the
respectable wine merchant, who must either refuse
them, which is often impossible—or not his interest to
do so; destroy them, which no one supposes; use
them, which he won't; or sell them at a loss to others,
who in re-filling them delude the buyer, inflict a wrong
on the wine trade generally, give occasion for a vast
amount of unnecessary labour, and becomes a source of
tricky opposition to the fair trader, who suffers.

These so-called reputed quarts are neither honest,
legal, nor convenient, and even if prepared for any
reason whatever, should first be made subject to legal
measurement and control, like all other measures; be
stripped of their assumed reputed titles, which have
brought much dispute on the bottle peerage; and
with their illegitimate children, the reputed pints, be
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